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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

AMERICA B. C.

The Days of Our Ancients

By Mary Austin

After Twenty Years

By James Harvey Robinson

Herrin

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EVEN MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PEACE

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By Arthur Ruhl

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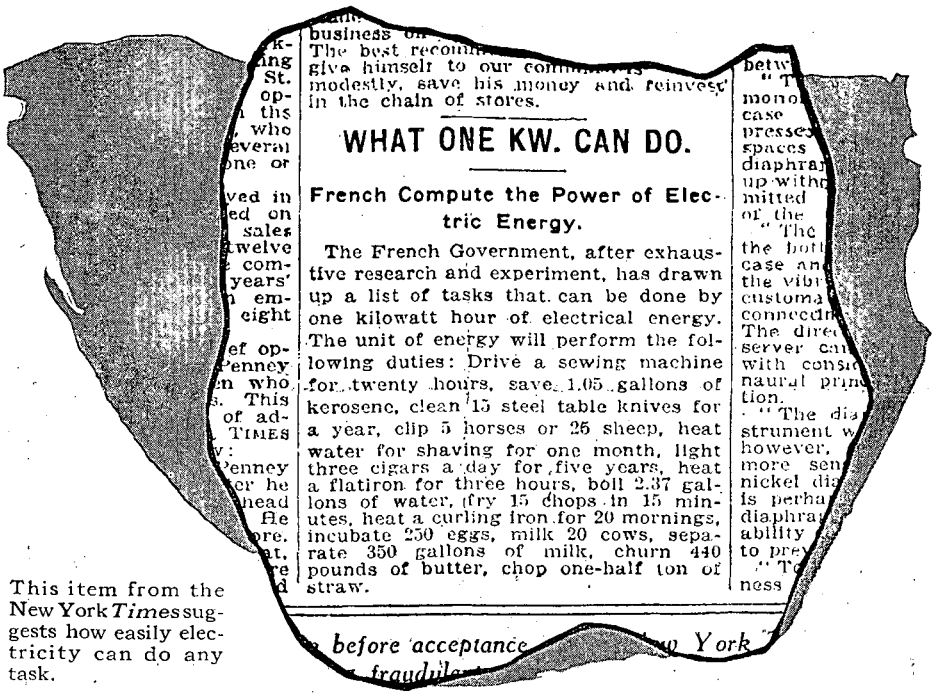

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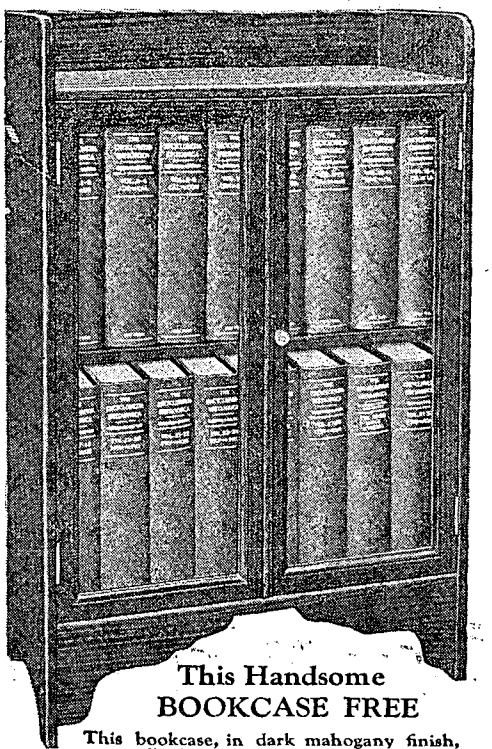

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Talks from my Outlook Tower

By PATRICK GEDDES

THE editors of The Survey first heard snatches of them under the big oak in Gramercy Park. That was the summer Professor Geddes slipped in and out of New York, on his way from India to Edinburgh, a slight, spare figure, long-bearded, with the look of a savant and the whimsical speech of the Scot, giving his lecture at the New School for Social Research. You would have to roll up your ideas of Marco Polo, and Darwin and Archimedes, of the Encyclopedia Britannica and of Peter Pan, to get a clearer notion of the measure of this man.

—Who took an old romantic building on the High Street of Edinburgh, and turned its castellated roofs and outlook tower into such an observation post of the civic life about him, such as can only be compared to the astronomer's dome.

—Who, building on LePlay and Comte, carried the idea of the "regional survey" into British thought—from thence it is spreading around the world.

—Who directed town planning exhibits at London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Belfast, Ghent, Paris.

—Who has made city plans for Bombay, Lahore, Madras, Calcutta.

—Who has planned universities for Indore, Jerusalem, Bengal, Hyderabad.

—Who has fashioned everything from mosques and temples to zoological gardens.

—Under whose touch the stones and squares and buildings, the life and labor of the modern town, east or west, unfolds with romance, with history, with colorful human significance, with philosophy and prophecy, such as the man in the street little dreams of.

ON his American visit Professor Geddes touched, as was his wont, a handful of people—kindling them—stretching their imaginations—city planners, economists, sociologists, artists, journalists, architects, young university men, veterans in civic enterprise. How to spread the infection of the man was the quandary confronting us. For the most part it has been communicated only by word of mouth. Even his best friends said that more could not be done. The conspiracy to contrive it has taken over a year. But this summer, back again from India, Professor Geddes has been at his old Outlook Tower on the High Street of Edinburgh, revising a sheaf of informal papers which will appear throughout the year in Survey Graphic.

Sick at Heart

TUBERCULOSIS has been pushed from its place as arch-executioner. In some favored cities and states it now stands sixth on the mortality tables. And in its place, in most parts of the country, is heart disease, now the chief cause of death in these United States.

Last year organic heart disease killed nearly three times as many people in New York City as did tuberculosis; more than twice as many as cancer; more than half again as many as pneumonia. Moreover it usually kills by inches. A death from heart disease has typically back of it a story of infection in childhood or early adult life, of loss of working power in the most productive years, of a decade or more of slowly waning strength, leading to invalidism, dependency, and finally to death.

FORTUNATELY heart disease, like the "white plague," often is curable. It is preventable. But the organization which should be brought to bear on this most costly of human ills must run the whole gamut of the seven ages—from childhood when it is to be prevented, through the middle years when it may be arrested and cured, to old age when its disabilities may be alleviated. We of the United States are on the threshold of an organized onslaught upon it which promises rewards as rich and as startling as those of which the tuberculosis campaigners dreamed daringly twenty years ago.

SURVEY GRAPHIC for November will bring out a notable group of articles on the need and methods of this campaign, which has come almost heralded and unrecognized into the arena of challenging social effort.

HAVEN EMERSON, M.D., president of the New York Heart Association, and associate editor of the Survey, will outline the battle to be waged and tell of the skirmishes already won.

WILLIAM H. ROBEY, M.D., of Boston will bring the national program for prevention and treatment of heart disease down to scale, so that every reader may see where he can take hold in his own community.

ELIZABETH PORTER WYCKOFF, Samuel McCoy, Hannah Mitchell, Lewis Hine (with a new series of work portraits) will interpret this adventurous crusade in terms of the men, women and children in hospital, clinic, school or at home, to whom it brings the chance for usefulness, happiness, life itself.

The Long Look Ahead

If you know anybody whose view is shut off by the gates of a city, the valves of a heart, or a closed door in his mind, make him a present of SURVEY GRAPHIC. It opens up wide vistas and at the same time gives the solid, intimate details of the foreground. A guide for a sight-seeing trip called "Seeing Life Whole."

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September 25, 1924.

Dear Friend:—

This number of the Survey contains an article by Mary Austin about the ancient Indian country of the Southwest. Other writers for the Survey have described the present day Indians—their ceremonial dances, their arts, their tribal life —their problem.

Should these people be maimed by a policy that proscribes their religion, enforces sectarian training on their children, denies them equal rights in the courts, pauperizes them by land allotment, destroys them by disease, and ignores their race contribution?

We have virtually enslaved a whole race. Leading scientists, writers, artists and business men are working for a more enlightened policy.

The Pueblo Indians need help at this moment. Through our efforts a law was passed by the last Congress creating a land board to clear titles within the Pueblo land grants. Thousands of acres, lost to them through encroachment, are recoverable. They have petitioned us to supply attorneys to present their case. They have no funds.

We invite your co-operation in rectifying an atrocious system. It is a NATIONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

For further information write to

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THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LIII, No. 1 October 1, 1924

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The Gist of It

"FROM Rockford, Illinois, to the Ends of the Earth," is how Arthur Ruhl's commutation ticket would probably read if he had one. His itinerary for the last ten years during which he has "covered" Europe for Collier's has ranged from the Caspian to the Baltic, ending with two years with the American Relief Administration in Russia. It is from this ten years' scrutiny of war-scarred Europe that his eyes come to rest on peace-seeking in America. (p.9)

WHEN Oberlin, Ohio, is troubled over its penal system it goes to George W. Kirchwey; as does Chicago when she would make a survey of her jails. And who could better point to the varied aspects of the Leopold-Loeb case than the one-time dean of Columbia Law School, warden of Sing Sing, and present head of the Department of Criminology of the New York School of Social Work? (p. 7)

HISTORY IA the college catalogs for these last twenty years have been labelling the course based on Professor Robinson's Introduction to the History of Western Europe. And this twenty years' alumni all over the country must make up quite an appreciable quota of those enthusiasts who have followed him in his voyages of discovery since then. The Mind in the Making in 1921, The Humanizing of Knowledge in 1923, and now a new edition of the History of Western Europe, seasoned with the experience of that twenty years, will be published this fall. (p. 18)

A TRIANGLE from the Survey's own editorial conference table are Geddes Smith, managing editor (p 43), Haven Emerson, health editor (p. 23), and Martha Bensley Bruère who brings a pungent wit to industrial and social discussion.

"WHAT has she done with it?"—the vote? Yes. And more beside. With the higher education her mother broke into. With the bent for organization which has found play in the women's clubs. With the stress and self-dependence which has come with the throwing open of work with wages, outside the home, as part of the new industrialism. With the broadened housekeeping of our municipal life and her part in it. With her age-long concerns as commissary and nurse, teacher and mother, and her new audacities in an era of unfolding opportunity. These are some of the things Mrs. Bruère will take up in our Survey Graphics this winter—pages which, if the reader will glance at the first (p. 15), will be found at once as racy and revealing as the paper doll cut-outs with which she breaks the text.

WHEN Mrs. Wembridge's play, "The First of May," took the prize offered by the Committee on Publicity Methods in Social Work of the American Association of Social Workers last May, the editors of The Survey beamed with self-congratulatory pride. They had discovered Mrs. Wembridge's gift for story-telling long before. Those readers who have grinned with Estelle and Sam and Irene and Nicholas will need no introduction to "Seven P. M." The author is clinical psychologist for the Women's Protective League of Cleveland. (p. 26)

MIRIAM VAN WATERS continues her discussion of Your Town and the Delinquent Girl, begun in the September Midmonthly, with pictures of the actual processes of making good. She bases her stories on her own work as referee of the Juvenile Court of Los Angeles and superintendent of El Retiro, a Los Angeles county correctional school for young girl wards of the Juvenile Court. These articles are from her book, "Youth in Conflict," soon to be brought out by the Republic Publishing Company. (p. 39.)

MR. COLEMAN brings to his appraisal of Herrin the fresh view of an outlander—for he is a native of New York—and a thorough knowledge of his subject gained as correspondent for the New York World and other papers during the Herrin trials in 1922 and 1923. He is a graduate of Columbia and was a sergeant in the United States Engineers during the war. For four years he was a reporter on the old New York Sun. And later became assistant editor of the Illinois Miner, the official organ of District 12, United Mine Workers of America. (p. 46)

AT a dinner given at the National Arts Club in her honor last year, Carl Van Doren suggested that a new degree M.A.E., Master of the American Environment, ought to be invented for Mary Austin, because she has become so saturated with the Southwest and its people. Although Mrs. Austin has produced a number of books and magazine articles on a great variety of topics, taken together, her product shows a certain unity of design. Practically every one is a single facet of a remarkably rich contact with the American environment, and all of them are subordinated to the purpose of showing how that environment works to produce a unified type out of the varied American material. Here, however, she deals not with the social process of the Southwest in our own day—but with its dim beginning, and the American contemporaries of Rameses (p. 33). "The Land of Journeys' Ending," from which Mrs. Austin's article in this issue is drawn, will be published by The Century Company this fall.

MOST teachers are experts in dealing with materials organized into textbooks or laboratory manuals. But there are areas of interest and information which are incapable of being so organized: they must be taken as they come, or not at all. To meet the needs of teachers of civics, social and labor problems, sociology and current events, Professor Joseph K. Hart, Educational Editor, will present in every issue throughout the school year, an index (p. 51) classified under categories which should make The Survey a really usable educational tool. Our hope is that it will be of service as well to classes and study groups in settlements, churches, clubs and civic organizations. Last year The Survey was used by over 3,000 students in colleges, normal and high schools.

TIMOTHY NICHOLSON, pioneer, Quaker and reformer, the oldest former president of what is now the National Conference of Social Work, leader in prison reform, public charities, and other humanitarian activities, died on September 15 at Richmond, Indiana, at the age of ninety-five.

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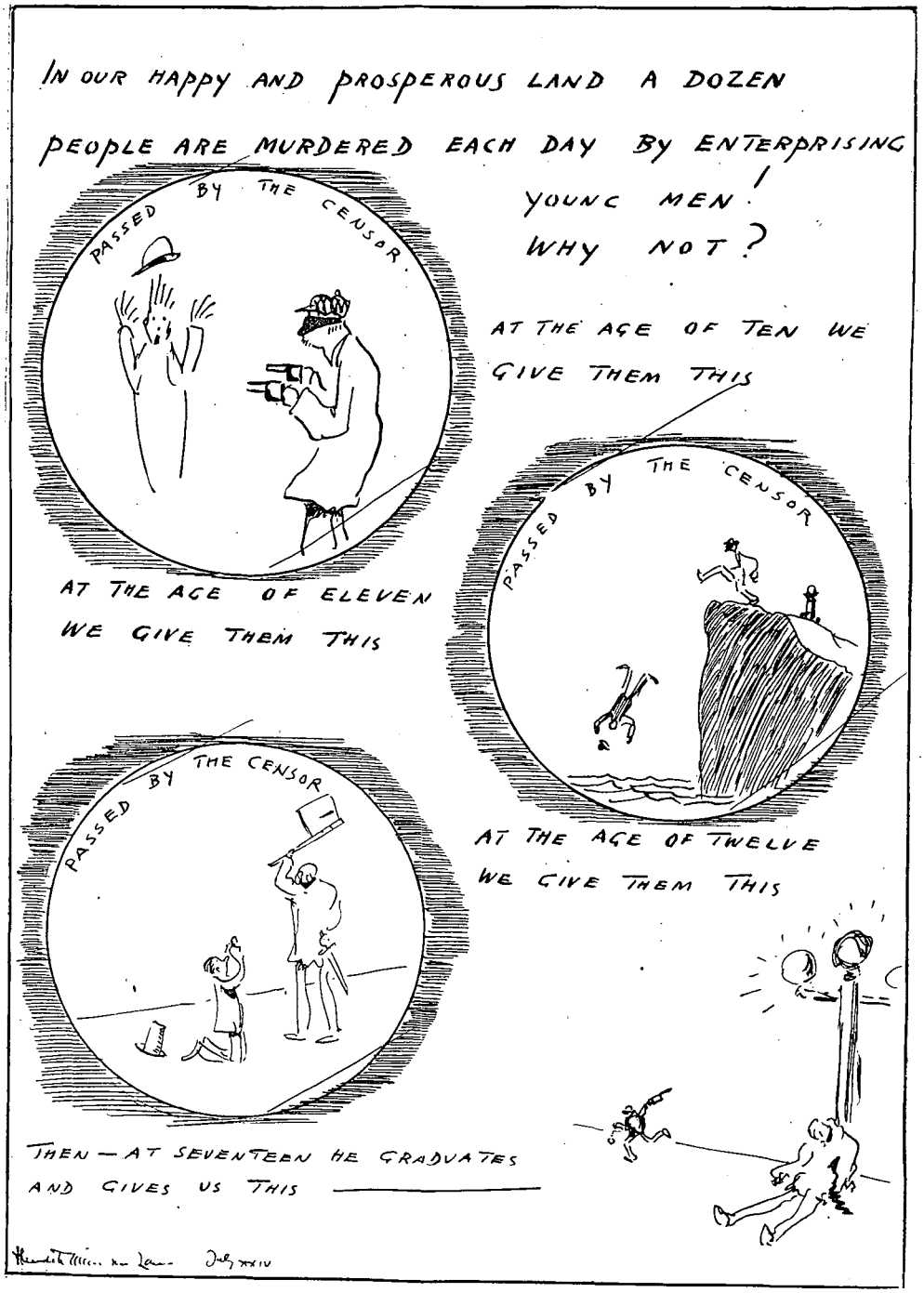
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THEN — AT SEVENTEEN HE GRADUATES AND GIVES US THIS

By Hendrik Willem Van Loon

SEEING IS BELIEVING

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THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

OCTOBER 1, 1924

Volume LIII
No. 1

Old Law and New Understanding

The Leopold-Loeb Case: a Fingerpost in Criminology

By GEORGE W. KIRCHWEY

THE *cause celebre* of the century thus far has passed into history. There will be many to wish that, the case being done, we were done with it. But that is not the way of events in this world-in-the-making, in which we find ourselves. There will be consequences. Indeed there already have been consequences. There is no little evidence that many minds, not too well balanced at their best, have been seriously unbalanced by the sensational public disclosure of the horrible circumstances of the crime and by the skilfully dramatized incidents of the trial. And lawyers did not wait to learn the results of the hearing before they were discussing the possibly far-reaching results of the action of the court in admitting as evidence in mitigation of the crime the testimony of the defense relating to the inner history of the boy-murderers.

The decision of Judge Caverly to spare the lives was flashed to the world as a triumph of humane settlement over the stern justice of the law. In resting his decision solely on the youth of the offenders and in shifting upon the legislature the burden of dealing with the new aspect of the problem of criminal responsibility raised by the evidence, Judge Caverly declined the role of legal innovator. He has chosen the older (and easier) way. Perhaps it was unreasonable to expect anything else. The courts habitually choose that.

The Leopold-Loeb murder case, which has for five months been unfolding its slow length in the Chicago Criminal Court, has many facets of interest. As a public spectacle it has provided innumerable thrills. To the student of criminology it has revived the memory of a type of criminalism, not uncommon in the middle ages, which he had come to regard as extinct. To the lawyer it has presented a novel procedure, one that finds no place in the older tradition of our criminal justice. To the social worker it has been a revelation of the essential flexibility of an ancient legal system and of its capacity to adapt itself to changing conceptions of moral responsibility. If you ask what moral responsibility has to do with legal liability, I must ask you to read through to the end.

It is not the lawyers only who have been puzzled by the unfamiliar procedure. Probably most readers in the part of the country in which The Survey is published have been baffled by the conundrum: When is a trial not a trial? But it is no mystery to those who are familiar with Illinois law. The hard and fast rule that makes deliberate murder a crime punishable with death has in a majority of our states been mitigated by leaving to the jury or the court the discretion whether the sentence shall be to death or to a term of imprisonment. As a matter of fact, even in the eight states which retain the absolute death penalty, a squeamish jury, which shrinks from the responsibility of condemning a fellow human being to death, often evades it by bringing in a verdict of second degree murder, which carries with it the lesser penalty.

The Illinois statute is explicit on the point. It provides that whoever is guilty of murder shall suffer the punishment of death or of imprisonment for his natural life or for a term of not less than fourteen years. If the accused is found guilty by a jury, they shall fix the punishment by their verdict; upon a plea of guilty, the punishment shall be fixed by the court.

That settles one of the questions that have puzzled us. A trial, in legal parlance, is the investigation and deter-

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mination in a court of law and by prescribed legal forms, of an issue of law or of fact, and in a criminal case under our inherited procedure, an issue of fact can be tried only by a jury. But in the Leopold-Loeb case both defendants pleaded guilty and so there was no issue of fact to be tried and, therefore, no trial. But an insane person, if the fact of insanity at the time of committing the crime be established, cannot be convicted. A sound mind is an essential element of the criminal act. A plea of guilty to an indictment for murder admits every factor that enters into the guilt. The conclusion follows that when Leopold and Loeb pleaded guilty to the murder of the boy Franks, they conclusively admitted their sanity at the time of committing it. The question of their mental capacity was closed. It is this fact that explains, though it is far from justifying, the frantic efforts of the state's attorney, Crowe, in the subsequent hearing before Judge Caverly, to suppress the testimony of the defense as to the mental condition of the self-convicted murderers. (It is hard to understand the action of the defendants' chief counsel, Clarence Darrow, in raising formal objection to the use of the term murderers by the state's attorney in characterizing the defendants. They were murderers by virtue of their own admission of guilt.)

THE guilt of the defendants being admitted, it now becomes the duty of the judge under the law to exercise his awful discretion and fix the penalty—death or imprisonment. What are the considerations that may properly influence him and how shall he proceed?

The Illinois law recognizes the fact that all murderers are not equally culpable. It is here that the question of moral responsibility comes in. In many cases there are mitigating circumstances which may properly excite a measure of sympathy for the offender. It is on this principle that our juries, under a more rigorous legal dispensation, invoke and apply "the unwritten law." Under the heading, "Hungry Youth Set Free," a newspaper recently reported the action of a judge of the Criminal Court of General Sessions of New York county in suspending sentence in the case of a young man of nineteen who had committed burglary by breaking into a grocery store to get something to eat. As in the Leopold-Loeb case the defendant pleaded guilty. His offense was burglary, third degree, punishable by imprisonment in Sing Sing prison for not more than five years. But the judge exercised his discretion by setting the culprit free, with the statement that "any man who steals merely to satisfy his hunger is not a criminal."

In many cases the youth of the offender is dealt with as a mitigating circumstance entitling him on conviction of murder to a sentence of life imprisonment instead of the death penalty. A former governor of New York, a few years ago, commuted the death sentence of a man of thirty-six, who had been convicted on his own confession of an atrocious murder, on the ground that the culprit, upon examination, appeared to be of the mental age of seven only.

In England, where after a verdict of deliberate murder the courts have no discretion, the pardon power of the crown is regularly invoked to mitigate the rigors of the penal law. Judge Fitz-James Stephen, perhaps the most eminent, as he was certainly the most learned, member of the English bench during the last half of the Victorian era, in his History of the Criminal Law of England, refers to ten cases in which, having no discretion, he was compelled to impose the death penalty. In four of these cases the convicts were duly executed. The other six had their sentences commuted for various reasons to life imprisonment. In one of these it appeared that the murder had been committed under circumstances of great provocation. In another the convict, a woman who had strangled her bastard child with a garter, had her sentence commuted on the ground that she was subject to epileptic fits which had permanently impaired her mental powers, though she was not insane at the moment of committing the crime. Judge Stephen approves of these exercises of executive clemency and adds the following striking commentary: "Though no one is more strongly opposed than I am to the abolition of capital punishment, I am convinced that, in capital cases, the judge should have a discretion analogous to that which he has in cases not capital." "The fact that the punishment of death is not inflicted in every case in which sentence of death is passed proves nothing more than that murder, as well as other crimes, has its degrees and that the extreme punishment which the law awards ought not to be carried out in all cases."

The judge in Illinois has this discretion. How is he to exercise it? The procedure in cases not capital is well known to social workers. He hears the statement of the convicted offender, remands the case for investigation and report by the probation officer, gathers information from any accessible source and in the light of all the circumstances thus developed makes up his mind as to the punishment deserved. The facts disclosed may aggravate the offense, in which case the culprit may "get the limit." Or they may mitigate it, in which case the punishment awarded may be the minimum penalty fixed by law or even a suspended sentence and probation.

But here, as in the other case, the Illinois law is perfectly definite. In all cases where a person pleads guilty it is the duty of the court to examine witnesses concerning the aggravation or the mitigation of the offense. This is the procedure that has occupied Judge Caverly's court since the plea of guilty in the Leopold-Loeb case put upon him the burden of deciding what the punishment should be. The long rehearsal of the circumstances of the crime, its preparation and its detection, which seemed to many of us a travesty on justice, was justified in Judge Caverly's estimation by the duty imposed on him to hear evidence of aggravation. The long-drawn-out and contradictory testimony of the alienists with respect to the mental condition of the murderers was admitted by the court, over the state's attorney's objection, as relevant evidence of mitigation, such as it might properly consider in estimating the degree of moral responsibility and, therefore, of legal responsibility, of the offenders. The state's attorney argued that only the circumstances of the crime could be taken into account in this assessment of the culpability of the offender. But the court held in effect that any facts tending to show a lack or impairment of the mental powers of the guilty party, though falling short of insanity in the legal sense, should be taken into account, and the cases cited above, though arising under a different procedure, show that the court was right.

That this evidence failed to satisfy Judge Caverly of the existence of mental defect or constitutional emotional instability essentially differentiating (*Continued on page* 64)

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Shrouded in prestige and decorum the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has never undergone the healthy process of disinterested scrutiny. Here, for the first time, is such an appraisal by a journalist, informed on European developments, who brought no preconceptions to his task.

Seven Million Dollars Worth of Peace

By ARTHUR RUHL

Cartoons by Hendrik Willem Van Loon

FOURTEEN years have passed since Andrew Carnegie turned over to the trustees of his Peace Endowment $10,000,000 in 5 per cent bonds, the income of which, $500,000 annually, they were directed to devote "toward hastening the abolition of international war." About seven million dollars have thus far been spent. Ways and means were left to the trustees, but that Mr. Carnegie believed that peace could be bought, so to speak, and in a reasonable time, was implied in his further suggestion that when war had been discarded, "the trustees will please then consider what is the next most degrading evil whose banishment—or what new elevating element or elements, if introduced or fostered, or both combined, would most advance the progress, elevation and happiness of man."

The Great War which followed four years after the Endowment began its work is now six years away. The conditions which then checked the Endowment's original program—closed frontiers, strict censorships, the more intolerant manifestations of nationalism—are also largely things of the past, and so far as the special work of the Endowment is concerned, the world might almost be said to be "normal" again. It seems, therefore, appropriate as well as a legitimate matter of public interest, to make some survey of the trustees' use of the funds entrusted to them and some measure of their progress in fulfilling the aims of the Endowment.

THE spirit of hopefulness and high endeavor with which the Endowment took up its task was expressed by Professor Clark in his report on the work of the Economics Division for the first year:

"With the munificent sum which has been made available . . . any result short of a large and valuable one may well be disappointing. . . . We are dealing, not with a small issue for a part of the world, but with a vast issue for the whole world; and whatever affects the outcome at all is of enormous importance. It is a greater thing to move the entire earth a microscopic fraction of an inch than to carry a shipload of soil across the widest sea. It will be strange if, as the outcome of what is now initiated there should not be some perceptible deflection of human affairs. Whatever change there is, will be in the direction of peace."

The World War broke out only three years later, but at the time Professor Clark wrote, any such tragedy, let alone any such social upheaval as the Bolshevik revolution in Russia, was far from most men's minds, particularly American minds. Those were the days when liberalism and science seemed leading willing nations steadily onward toward a better world. Millions of middle-class Europeans were living comfortably and with what seemed an increasing good-will toward neighbors on an accumulated capital so apparently solid that it seemed unthinkable it could be swept away in a night. Such concrete beginnings as the Hague Tribunal and various arbitration treaties; supplemented by peace congresses, the exchange of professors and students, and the constant wearing down of national barriers by better communication suggested an approaching universal neighborliness. The word "pacifist" had not yet acquired a derogatory connotation. Tolstoi, despite his doctrine of non-resistance, was almost a sort of saint. No great moral courage was required to fight against war. Peace was respectable, even fashionable, in a way.

This state of mind was reflected in the choice of men to head the Endowment—the same distinguished, eminently respectable names which would have added weight to the founding of a new university, or even a bank. Echoes of that far-off world come down from some of the Endowment's earlier activities—the distribution, for instance, of Professor William James' "Moral Equivalent of War" (written in 1910); of Lord Haldane's conciliatory address on the spirits of England and Germany; the translation into seven languages and the wide distribution in cheap editions of Norman Angell's "The Great Illusion."

WHAT the Endowment might have done had no war come, is scarcely worth bothering about now. What it might have done, the war notwithstanding, is worth at least a moment's consideration, inasmuch as the course the Endowment actually pursued did not meet the approval of many whose position and previous service in the cause of peace entitles them to respect.

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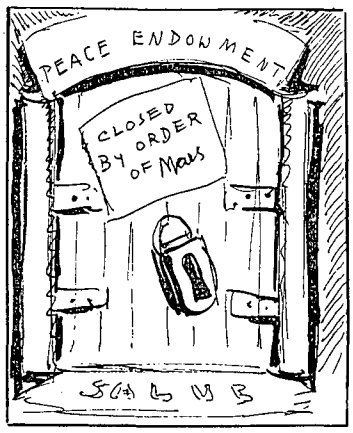

Briefly, the Endowment took the stand that the best thing it could do for peace was to help defeat Germany and win the war for the Allies. Dr. Butler, in answering one of the frequent questions as to what the Endowment was doing toward stopping the War, said: "The answer is obvious. The Endowment has taken no steps to stop the European War." He added that nobody in Europe would listen to such suggestions and that in any case it was not the part of private organizations to compete with governments. The year book of the Endowment for 1919 said:

> The entrance of the United States into the European War made it evident that a large part of the earlier activities of the Endowment must be ineffective until the restoration of peace. The hope of the world for permanent international peace was concentrated first upon the prevention of German domination. It became evident to the point of demonstration that German domination could only be prevented by force of arms. The Endowment has endeavored to contribute what it could by taking a clear and definite position in favor of the active and relentless prosecution of the war to final victory.

This is unequivocal, and probably reflects the point of view of the majority of Americans at the time it was written. It is only fair to the not inconsiderable number of dissenters—and necessary, indeed, in measuring the Endowment's work for peace—to say that it was not a point of view universally shared. There was a time, for example, in the early part of the War, when men and women of consequence in neutral countries believed that a conference, properly made up and conducted, stood a reasonable chance of exerting effective pressure on the belligerents. The Endowment was looked to for leadership in this endeavor but the leadership was not forthcoming.

THE conference held at Long Beach, in this country, in the summer of 1917, brought together an unusually live and representative group of American journalists, students of politics and public men. Statesmen like Mr. Choate and Mr. Root joined with historians and economists, editors and the active heads of news associations, and it was felt that a continuance of such gatherings might be of real service in clarifying public opinion both here and abroad as to war aims and future readjustments. The conference, initiated by private individuals, was held under the auspices of the New York Academy of Political Science with funds contributed by the Endowment, but the suggestion that it be made an annual meeting or that regional conferences be held, the Endowment did not follow up. It remained for the Williamstown Institute of Politics, years later, to take up independently the lead the Endowment had dropped in war time.

Even after the United States entered the War, there were those who believed that no "relentless prosecution of the war to final victory" (involving, as modern war does, an entire people and their economic life) could assist in bringing about satisfactory relations with the people "crushed." They felt that the function of an endowment for international peace was to act as the representative of civilization at large, so to speak, in searching and encouraging all resonable means of conciliation, rather than to throw itself quite simply into the belligerent tide. (The Endowment's International Law Division, situated in Washington, was turned over bodily to the Government for the time being and Professor Scott became an advisor to the State Department.) It is scarcely within the province of this brief survey to discuss these two points of view at length. It seems necessary, however, in any characterization of the Endowment, at least to state them, and having done so, we may return to the consideration of the Endowment's concrete accomplishment in the three fields into which it divided its work.

The Working Scheme of the Endowment

The president of the Endowment, from 1911 until the present time, has been Mr. Elihu Root. Mr. James Brown Scott has similarly served as secretary. The executive committee, consisting of Mr. Root, Mr. Scott, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Mr. Austen G. Fox, Mr. Andrew Montague, Mr. Henry S. Pritchett, and Mr. James R. Sheffield, has also, with one exception, remained unchanged, Mr. Sheffield joining the committee in 1923 on the death of Mr. Charlemagne Tower.

The Endowment, on its organization, was divided into three divisions: Intercourse and Education, under the direction of President Butler of Columbia; Economics and History, under John Bates Clark, Professor of Political Economy at Columbia; International Law, under James Brown Scott, Professor of Law and at one time solicitor for the Department of State.

The aim of Dr. Butler's division—the one closest to the general public—was to "educate public opinion regarding the causes, nature, and effects of war, and means for its prevention; to cultivate friendly international relations, and to assist agencies useful in accomplishing these purposes." The Division of Economics and History set out to make a scientific investigation of the causes of war and of practical methods for preventing it. The Division of International Law, aiming to "aid the development of international law and its acceptance among nations," began to compile and publish international conventions, treatises on the general subject, ancient and modern—to lay a basis, in short, for the settlement of international disputes by courts and laws instead of by war.

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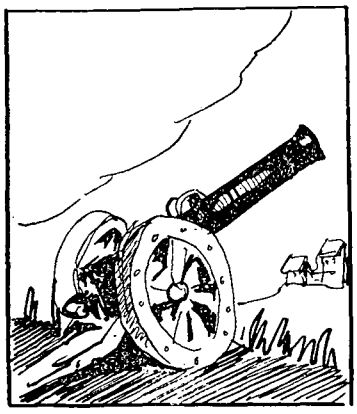
I. Things Done



THE original program of the Division of Economics and History, an elaborate examination into the causes and effects of war, outlined after a conference at Berne in 1911 between economists and publicists of various nations, was made practically obsolete by the Great War itself. Theorizing or retrospective delving became so idle in the face of the staggering actualities which each day brought forth, that in spite of the scientific zeal and humanitarian enthusiasm which Professor Clark threw into the initiation of the work, the greater part of the program had simply to be scrapped. In its place, and under the direction of Professor James T. Shotwell, now that Professor Clark has retired from active university work, the Endowment is preparing an economic history of the war, to consist of 150 volumes, comprising some 200 separate monographs.

The various studies composing this gigantic record are to be written by experts in the various countries directly touched by the War, including Japan, and to be published in complete editions in the languages of their countries of origin. An abridged and more popular edition is to be published in English and sold commercially as well as distributed freely to various libraries. A large part of the studies, many of them written by the only men who could ever have handled the subjects from first-hand knowledge, have already been finished, and the entire 150 volumes are expected within a year or two more. Later, some time within the next ten years, perhaps, Professor Shotwell intends to publish some ten volumes of general conclusions.

It is difficult enough in this country, with our clumsy methods of distribution, for the so-called "serious" book to reach any considerable audience, even with a commercial publisher to push it, and a critic of the Endowment once remarked that its aim appeared to be to "pay large sums of money to publish books and then to transport them to places of concealment."

The Secretary of the Endowment, responding to such comment, points out that the Endowment's publications are now deposited in some 800 libraries in various parts of the world, and that of the "837,568 volumes (or pamphlets?) published by the Endowment, 639,668 have been disposed of either gratuitously or by sale through publishers." The percentage sold is small—about one in fifty of the total. Of 794,068 copies published between 1911 and 1922, for instance, 15,453 were sold.

Professor Shotwell, in a recent report on the war history, remarks:

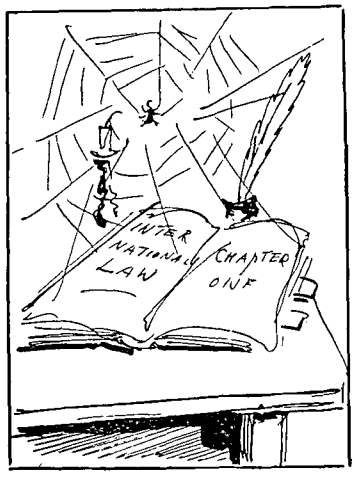
> It has sometimes been stated that the size of the edition is too great to permit of the purchase of the whole history by any but public institutions; and the facile criticism which has been made, that no one would ever read so many volumes when completed, has a certain apparent justification. As a matter of fact, the collection as a whole was never intended to be read in this way. It is neither a narrative history nor an encyclopedia. It has been prepared by students for students; or rather, to speak more accurately, by masters for students.

The working of food, shipping, railway, coal mining and other controls; the effect of the war on farmers, business, and the various industries; the attitude of labor unions; methods used to finance the war in various countries—these and similar matters are handled in the series. The Austrian series, it is said, gives a unique picture of the practical liquidation of an empire.

To combine a moral aim with the objectivity of a scientific investigation is always difficult, and the criticism has been made that some of these studies would be more useful to general staffs in some future war than to the cause of peace. That fact in itself is scarcely a sound basis for complaint—it would merely prove that the information collected was authoritative, "inside" and illuminating. That the moral aim of the Endowment can be combined with thorough-going scientific detachment may be suggested by an illustration. The studies thus far contributed show that there came a point in all the belligerent countries when fear, the will-to-win and the various other forces combined to bring about what was practically a *levée en masse* and a general taking over of the control of private business by the government. Such a control is not relished by business and the results were not, as a rule, very satisfactory. If then, by the distribution of such studies, the certainty of such socialization is got into the heads of those in control of big business, the effect ought to be to postpone—in so far as the influence of these men counts—the coming of another war. This illustration is taken at random and it may not be the best one possible, but it will suggest the possible peace contributions of such a series.

Professor Shotwell's honesty and scientific thoroughness, his wide information and liberal spirit insure the value of the series, from a historical point of view. Whether the spending of a third of the Endowment's income on this monumental work is the best use that could have been made of the funds is scarcely a question to be decided here.

It was Professor Shotwell's knowledge and contacts which largely made possible the submitting, to the Council of the League of Nations, last June, of a draft treaty on security and limitation of armaments prepared by himself and other American private citizens, which so impressed the Council that the latter decided to distribute it as an official document to all the governments represented in the League.



THE Division of International Law, as its name would imply, approaches peace by the legalistic road. Actuali-

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ties, in the merely humanistic and emotional sense, do not enter here. The division has its offices in Washington, looking out on the trees of Jackson Square (the other two divisions are close to Columbia University in New York) and Professor James Brown Scott has acted since the beginning as both head of the Division and Secretary of the Endowment.

The Division began its work after consulting with the *Institut de Droit International,* which selected eleven distinguished European jurists and statesmen to act as its advisors. The main part of its work has consisted in the publication of international conventions, treatises, judicial decisions and other matter the circulation of which might help to pave the way toward the settlement of international disputes by courts and law. In the searching out of such material and its publication, prefaced by erudite introductions signed by the director himself, the latter has been indefatiguable. Nothing is too remote, and Professor Scott burrows into Roman law, into Grotius, Pufendorf, Bynkershoek and Balthazar Ayala, with the serene enthusiasm of an astronomer plotting the parallax of some new star.

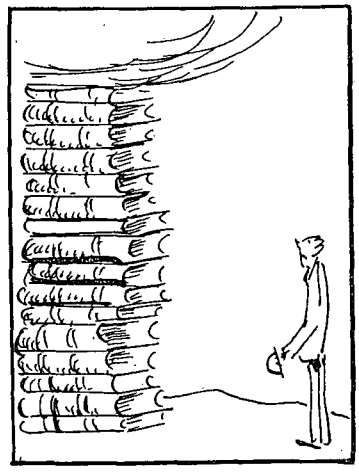
The library of volumes and pamphlets, if not quite so numerous as those planned by the Division of Economics and History, is almost as impressive to the layman, and includes material varying from the Declaration of Independence and the documentary history of the emancipation of the Spanish American republics to such classics as *Hispanicae Advocationis Libri Duo and De Jure Belli ac Pacis Libri Tres.*

Among the more important publications might be mentioned the two-volume Treatise and Agreements With and Concerning China, much used by the Washington Arms Conference; the five-volume translation of the proceedings of the First and Second Hague Conferences, a starting point for almost any discussion of international organization; and the various publications—such as the debates during the Federal Convention of 1787, the analysis of the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court on questions arising between the states—designed to emphasize points in which the organization of the United States might serve as a prototype for international organization.

In addition to this work of editing and publication, the Division has given annual subventions to various international organizations, such as the *Société de Législation Compareé* and the Grotius Society of London; has assisted several European journals of international law and several authors whose works on international law did not present themselves to publishers as attractive commercial ventures. It initiated and has supported the American Institute of International Law, a central body representing international law societies in the various American republics, and promoted the establishment of an Academy of International Law at the Hague, which, after many postponements due to the war, finally opened for the summer course of 1923 with some 300 students from all parts of the world. During the past eight years it has devoted $10,000 yearly toward fellowships in International Law and some ninety fellows have thus had from one to two years training with the aim of preparing them as teachers of this subject.

In April, 1917, the Trustees of the Endowment offered to the Department of State the services of the Division of International Law, and the Division thereupon became engaged, in the words of the director, "on projects of so confidential a nature that they cannot be reported in detail." The director himself prepared material for the use of the American delegation to the Peace Conference at Paris. The Division edited and saw through the press various confidential public documents which were printed at the expense of the Department of State, and prepared material for the Conference of Limitation of Armaments in 1921-22; $30,000 of the Endowment's own funds having been set aside for that purpose.

Directly, or indirectly through trustees of the Endowment, the Division has contributed to the establishment of the World Court. The proposal to establish a Permanent Court of International Justice made by Mr. Root in 1907 (Secretary of State at that time and later President of the Endowment), laid before the Hague Conference by Mr. Choate (later vice-president of the Endowment) and explained to the delegates at that time by Professor Scott, closely resembled the project to which the League of Nations gave assent in 1920. Professor Scott also took part in the negotiations at Paris in 1910 leading to an agreement between Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States to take the necessary measures to secure a Court of Arbitral Justice—a project proposed by Robert Bacon, also later a trustee of the Endowment, when he was Secretary of State in 1909. The failure of the Endowment to take any part in the public hearing on the World Court held last spring in Washington, a hearing at which practically every other group in the country working for peace was represented, was due, therefore, it would appear, to the Endowment's policy of keeping out of political controversy or to a feeling, perhaps, that it had already done its part, rather than to indifference or opposition to the Court itself. Professor Scott says in a recent report:



> The director feels that the results of the efforts in behalf of the Permanent Court of International Justice and of the service rendered the Department of State in connection with the Peace Conference at Paris and the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments at Washington, would alone justify the establishment of the Carnegie Endowment and its activities in this thirteen years of its existence.

The sense of satisfaction expressed here is felt by all who enter the fine old mansion at No. 2 Jackson Place, where the Division of International Law has its seat. Centuries of slow struggle and growth must elapse before the world at large can hope to attain anything like that perfect peace. The great table in the Board Room shines solidly, the portraits of Mr. Root and Mr. Choate and other worthies gaze calmly down, and the trolley-cars and motors of an age of hurry, although only the other side of a wall, seem far away. Washington may roar and bustle and imagine vain things. A gathering such as the Women's League for International Peace and Freedom, which was in session while I chatted with Professor Scott, may condemn armaments and ask for brotherhood in a dozen different languages, but the Division takes no part and maintains its

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detachment and calm. In conversation with Professor Scott, one feels that he has arrived at a philosophy in which such emotional manifestations are promptly pigeon-holed in their proper places and seen in their proper perspective and the mind left free to dwell on work that is building for the ages, and the slow, upward climb of man.

THE Division of Intercourse and Education, directed by the active and many-branched Nicholas Murray Butler, is more secular in its nature and closer to the actual world. Dr. Butler is first of all the efficient administrator, including the politician, with an ear to the ground. He has chosen to administer the affairs of a great university, but his very considerable abilities might just as well have been turned into other channels—to international finance, for instance, or some kindred field, with things done the "big" way, one's fingers on a hundred strings at once and catching the pulse-beats of half a world.

With his large and varied activities, the pursuit of peace must inevitably be an avocation with the President of Columbia, but being called to organize a portion of that pursuit, Dr. Butler has thrown himself into the congenial task with characteristic energy. In those far-off days when The Great Illusion was being translated into seven languages, Dr. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard, was sent to Asia and wrote, as a result, Some Paths to Peace, of which the Division distributed 25,000 copies. Similarly Mr. Robert Bacon visited South America and wrote For Better Relations with Our South American Neighbors.

A very interesting experiment, which the Division has not attempted a second time, was the sending of an international commission to report on the causes and conduct of the Balkan wars. This report of some 400 pages was soon crowded out of sight by the Great War following close on its publication, but in thus examining into, and informing the rest of the world about, the conduct of the belligerents while their behavior was still "news" the Endowment acted as the "representative of humanity at large" in a manner that many would like to have seen continued. In all, the Division has published eighteen reports of varying interest and value.

Through the American Association for International Conciliation, a branch of the European association of similar name founded in 1905 by the late Baron d'Estourelles (the American branch was taken over by the Endowment in 1910 and has lately been merged with the Division of Intercourse and Education), some 200 different pamphlets have been distributed either gratis or at a nominal price. It was this branch which distributed Professor James' Moral Equivalent of War in 1920. Treaties of arbitration, documents regarding the war, plans for a permanent court of international justice, essays and addresses—in a word, all sorts of matter touching on the subject of peace and having a certain readability have been distributed through this agency.

The Division has maintained from the beginning a European bureau in Paris and it has been assisted by a group of European advisers which meets annually. This latter position is an honorary one but the travelling expenses of the advisers to and from the annual meeting are paid by the Endowment. European correspondents keep the director informed on conditions in their various countries. Dr. Butler has said that he knows no Foreign Office better informed than the Endowment. This information does not reach the public, except in so far as it may suggest action to be taken, but is sent confidentially to the Trustees.

Until recently, the division worked in the academic field through the Institute of International Education. This latter, headed by Professor Stephen A. Duggan, acted as a sort of clearing-house for professors and students all over the world. It supplied information, gave grants to professors on sabbatical leave, assisted in getting lecturers and audiences together, selected students for fellowships and scholarships, established international relations clubs in colleges and sent them reading matter and lecturers. Owing, it was explained, to lack of funds, this interesting branch was dropped by the Division in 1923. For a time it seemed that the Rockefeller Foundation might take it over, but the Carnegie Corporation, which acts as a holding-company for various of Mr. Carnegie's bequests, came to the rescue, and the Institute is carrying on, at present, under the wing of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching.

The Division has sent out libraries of American books to various South American capitals—some 9,000 books, pamphlets and maps, for example, went to the *Museo Social Argentino* at Buenos Aires—and small libraries intended to present the main facts of American history and politics in convenient form to various European capitals. International Mind Libraries, collections of books designed to interest the less sophisticated sort of readers in foreign affairs, have been given to public libraries in many of the smaller American towns.

The Division has given subventions to various foreign and home organizations—the Interparliamentary Union, for instance, which "may be likened to a debating club of high order on international questions"; the International Arbitration League; the *Bureau International de la Paix* at Berne, and so on—but the present policy of the Endowment is to discontinue such subventions and apply all its funds to work under its own immediate direction. The only American peace organization which it assists at present is the American Peace Society, which has its headquarters at Washington and publishes a magazine called The Advocate of Peace. The latter, since the war, has advocated nothing which might be interpreted as deviating from the state of grace commonly described as "100 percent", and its editor and the society's director seems less preoccupied with the subject in hand—he bitterly attacked Mr. Bok's peace plan contest—than in keeping on good terms with the various factions "on the hill."

To encourage better relations with Latin America, the Division maintains an Intra-America Division under the directorship of Dr. Peter H. Goldsmith. This branch publishes a little magazine called Inter-America in English, on South American subjects one month, and in Spanish, on North American subjects, the next. The matter published is literary rather than controversial, and consists largely of translations of more or less pleasing articles and stories. Everything contentious is avoided, and if little or nothing is said of the rumblings of social and economic unrest which are beginning so interestingly and significantly to be heard in the other continent, still less, that is to say nothing at all, is said on subjects such as our policy in Mexico or in some of the Caribbean countries, on which there is a definite mis-

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understanding or difference of opinion. The director of the Intra-America Division has visited South America and lectured there. The Division has assisted the Pan American conferences by inviting and paying the expenses of delegates from the South American republics, and the Intra-American section sometimes assists South American visitors to the United States and acts as a clearing-house, to a certain extent, for information between the two continents.

II. Things Undone—and the Spirit of Doing

IT will be apparent, even from this brief and incomplete survey, that the Endowment's activities, during these past thirteen years, have been considerable. A vast amount of printed matter has been distributed. There have been congresses, lectures, correspondence, and a great number and variety of distinguished individuals in various lands have been drawn into the circle of the Endowment's influence, have added something to their own lives through that association and contributed something to the common fund of good will. The monumental economic history of the war and the various international law publications have added to the world's fund of knowledge and assisted in building the foundations for international peace. There has been no difficulty in spending the half million dollars yearly; indeed, of late, as the purchasing value of the dollar grew less, there has not been enough money to go round. And no one questions that this money has been honestly, and on the whole, economically, spent.

> *"IN a world still largely controlled by instincts inherited from savage ancestors, peace has rarely been popular or even safe. Its advocates inevitably fight their way upstream and against the tide. The administrators of a permanent peace fund, chosen in quiet times because they are held in public esteem, find themselves engaged in activities, which, at the first threat of war, the majority are likely to condemn.*
>
> *A laboratory of scientific research can be endowed with every hope of good results, because patience and industry and intelligence are things that can be bought and men will even give these things for nothing in order to be free to pursue truth. But imagination, moral courage, constructive idealism and the leadership which will carry the world nearer the goal of international peace are harder to come by and harder to keep at work, year in and year out, on any path of consistent advance. Yet these qualities—moral leadership, in a word—are demanded in the administration of such a fund, and to supply them is the responsibility of those who consecrate themselves to such a work."*

Notwithstanding these facts, and the eminent character of the trustees, the attitude toward the Endowment of that small part of the public familiar with its work (the Endowment's "press" is not as good as that of some of the other large funds) is rather generally that of dissatisfaction. In saying this, I speak as an outsider, who knew practically nothing about the Endowment's work before starting this investigation, and here reports an impression gained from browsing in and round the subject over a period of several months. Criticism varies from the shallow and gossipy sarcasm of those who habitually nag at whatever is socially solid and well-placed to the more serious disappointment and disillusion of those who have themselves worked for peace, but it may fairly be said, I think, that in one form or another, it is pretty general.

There must be a reason for such a state of things, and having given some notion of the concrete accomplishments of the Endowment, it now seems in order to point out what that reason is. It comes down in the end, to the make-up and personality of the Board of Trustees, and the dissatisfaction, while partly with things done, is more with things undone, and what is felt to be a lack of leadership which the public has a right to expect.

I HAVE already spoken of two points of view which might be held toward the Endowment's policy during the War. The "relentless" prosecution of the war on the part of all concerned, including peace societies, may have been the most expedient policy in 1917, however the die-hard pacifists disagreed with it. But the war is now six years away, and as one of the Endowment's foreign advisors wrote in 1918: "when the world once more returns to normal conditions, that the Endowment shall bestow its attention to direct work for peace is a matter so obvious that it need not be discussed."

This, so many actively interested in the peace movement feel, the Endowment has not done. In general, the alleged shortcoming lies in the failure to realize, or at any rate to act on the fact, that we are living in a different world since the war and that policies must be modified in consequence.

If the "100 percent" attitude was expedient in 1917, then all the more reason for attempting now to bridge the chasm made by the war. If the Endowment emphasized one side during the War, it ought now, it would seem, to print pertinent facts on the other side which have only been turned up since the war. Such documents as "Falsifications of the Russian Orange Book," while they may not shift the main burden of war guilt, certainly modify its weight and show the inaccuracy and disingenuousness of portions of the Allied propaganda, and the discovery and distribution of such matter should not be left to our late enemy or a few courageous college professors, willing, in the cause of truth, to run the risk of being called "pro-German."

(*Continued on page* 52)

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What Has She Done With It?

By MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE

I HAD an aunt who used to live in a remote farming village. She went once to Chicago and bought a feather fan. The sticks were mother of pearl and each plume was a prize product of the supercilious ostrich. It cost more than much clothing suitable to the station to which God had called her, for the only social function she ever attended was church. The fan lay, carefully protected by camphor, in a box on her shelf. She would unwrap it and show it to us young fry on request, the proud light of possession on her face, as she waved it gently back and forth before laying it away again.

"Why did you buy it?" I once asked her with the tactlessness of youth.

"There's more to having a thing than just using it, my dear," she answered as one clinching an argument.

Is the vote no more than a fan to us? Did we want it just to have it? Or was it a sort of super-tool to help us remodel life into something we liked better? I seem to see myself addressing hurrying throngs from automobiles drawn up at crowded curbs and to hear my own strained voice emitting phrases like:

"Give the government its spring house cleaning":

"No child shall grow up without its chance at health and play and education and a good job":

"Work for every body but exploitation for nobody!"

But these phrases are as faint as worn records on a Victrola. Is that because they stand for ideals that we have abandoned? Or that have, perhaps, been filched from us?

DURING the Democratic Convention I trailed a mother and daughter down Fifth Avenue. They came from some wheat growing state. The mother was either a delegate or an alternate. She was a square rigged woman whose hat rose rectangularly above her fine square face. I know Mother could chair a meeting, she was a born club president. Even Daughter hadn't got her completely on the leash. And Daughter was a sylph! Her figure was one long sinuous line and she was dressed exactly as the fashion papers said she should be. Mother had been through the fight for suffrage and was still at the place where she believed the firing line to be. Daughter had been through the state university and saw Mother as remotely tagging after the rear guard. In the crowd on Fifth Avenue surrounded by mere strangers they talked as though they were alone in the world.

"That convention don't register joy with me, mother."

"But we've put a good many women onto the floor and some onto the committees, Blanche."

"You're so easy, mother! Where do you think that gets you?"

"We've argued it out before, Blanche. We ought to have as much chance as the men to say what we want done and the first thing is to establish our right to recognition."

"O *mother*! As though there was any more taste to rights than there is to calories!"

I followed them through a department store and as we three drifted down the Avenue again, Daughter took up the controversy.

"Just having women on every committee, or in Congress, or even having a woman for president wouldn't satisfy me at all. I can't get excited over rights. I want to get something done!"

"Of course there are lots of things to do as soon as we are in a position to do them."

"But why not do them now?"

We three foregathered again at a tea shop further down the Avenue. When I seated myself unobtrusively at their table, Daughter was back at the old stand.

"It's exactly the way it is at home—talk, talk, nothing practical. I can't stand it being so uninterested! If I'm going to care about politics, they've got to get something done!"

Oh, she was a hard young woman—Blanche was!

JUST what is it that the likes of Blanche want done now? People say that our political interests are the Welfare Bills. It is true that without the backing of such groups

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as the League of Women Voters, the Y. W. C. A., the Women's Trade Union League, the Federation of Women's Clubs, no measure to control the hours of labor, or establish a minimum wage for women or anything of that sort has a chance of getting through. We do take more interest in those things than anybody else does. When the Women's City Club of New York established the eight-hour day and vacations with pay for its employes, and the rapidly rising group of Women's City Clubs in other cities took notice of the fact, they began to have a better chance of putting such regulations into law. Are these the practical immediate things that Daughter's generation wants done? If so, there is the Child Labor Amendment ready to their hands.

It has passed Congress and now must be ratified by the legislatures of thirty-six states. To stop child labor is one of the things we said we wanted the vote for—are we going to help fight this amendment through as we did the last two? Arkansas, a fine progressive state, but as little affected by this bill as any in the country, has already ratified it—bless her! And Georgia has turned it down. But there are thirty-five more, some of them industrial states where the labor of children is an important economic factor, to be brought into line.

It must be remembered that though we have more power to apply to the passage of the Twentieth Amendment than to the 18th or 19th we have a less personal interest. While Prohibition and the Right to Vote had a potential relation to every home in the country, there are comparatively few whose young are wage workers. If this fight is to be won it will be on altruistic grounds over the politically dead bodies of those who employ children and those who send them to work. A working child can bring in somewhere between two and three hundred dollars a year. A poor woman must be both unselfish and intelligent to be willing to do without such a sum.

A while back I was going about with a truant officer in the crowded districts south of Washington Square, through Minnetta Street, Minnetta Lane and Minnetta Court and in the remotest corner of the remotest house we found the child we were looking for, "finishing" men's coats. The mother was an Italian with that look of sudden age which comes from a long unsatisfied hunger for all that makes life beautiful. The truant officer's translation of what she said ran something like this:

"Yes it is Carmina you see,—yes she works. No I do not send her to the school. How shall she eat if she does not work? What a country is this where you take the child away from the work! I will have no one coming to take Carmina to the school—if she goes, we are hungry! I will not bear it! I am Italian! I have still my knife!"

And she curved her strong brown fingers about the handle. It was a good effective bread knife and the point was toward the truant officer and toward me. Would it be possible to convince the mother of Carmina that the Child Labor Amendment should pass?

With a young Jewish girl I dodged through a black doorway in the New York ghetto and found a dim room with old clothes piled high upon the floor. Two white-bearded men ran old foot-power sewing machines, two others bent over their needles. They were mending old clothes for the second-hand dealers to sell again.

"They are men without children," Yetta told me. "Of course, they did not come to America without children, no man would be so foolish as to do that. He would know he could not live when he is old. But these men have no children and they are too old to work by new clothes. What became of their children? How should I know? Perhaps they are dead. Perhaps they have been taken for the school. But this I know—these men have no children!"

How shall we convince a worn-out machine operator who sees nothing ahead but mending old clothes that the Child Labor Amendment should pass?

Just outside Nashville I went through the district where the white mill hands live. In the desolate streets and in the bare houses I saw only babies and very little children—and their fathers and mothers! Limp, listless, washed-out human beings coughing and dipping snuff, incapable even of the wish to move.

"How do they live?" I asked my guide.

"Oh, the young ones work in the mills. That is," hastily correcting himself, "they just sort of help around with their friends."

How shall we prove to the po' white that the Child Labor Amendment should pass?

Of course we know that it must pass—you and I and everybody who may chance to read this article—you and I and everybody who worked for suffrage—you and I and everybody who has been through high school and perhaps through college. We know that relatively it is unimportant if the mother of Carmina goes hungry while her child is in school; that it doesn't matter much in the long run if many more old men spend their last years making over old clothes so long as their sons and daughters are preparing for better work; that in comparison with the future of the children threading stitches in the stocking factories, the lives of their disease-ridden parents have no value at all—but it isn't so easy to convince the parents! And terribly hampered by the fact that it is not ourselves who will suffer by the most drastic enforcement of the laws which the Child Labor Amendment will make possible, we have got to make those who will suffer, and who have the vote as much as we have, willing to make the sacrifice.

It's a good stiff job for Blanche and those like her who want to see something done *now*, to set their hands to—getting the people of thirty-five more states to instruct their representatives in favor of the Amendment and then lobbying it through the legislatures. A good stiff job!

And now we are approaching another presidential election and the women are launching a campaign to get out the vote, so that the greatest possible number of us will actually exercise the franchise we worked so hard to win.

This is a particularly thankless job, for like Blanche, most women are essentially realists, and just the act of voting doesn't in itself intrigue us to any perceptible extent. One party platform framed with painstaking ambiguity set against another assembled by the same interesting method leaves us peculiarly chill. Collier's for August thirtieth, in an article by Boyden Sparkes publishes a digest of an inquiry made by the Local Community Research Committee of the University of Chicago on Non-voting! Causes and Methods of Control from which I quote.

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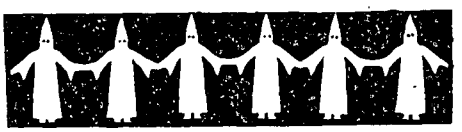
One third of the males as compared with one half of the women, abstained from voting because they were not interested. . . . But the most discouraging revelation was the large amount of disgust with politics that was found to exist. Poor people expressed the view that the government was taking away all the liberties of the poor and benefiting only the rich; some insisted that one vote counted for nothing; others that the candidates were equally bad; others that the ballot box was corrupted and the whole election system a fraud. . . . Some tax payers were despairing of any cohesive power in the well meaning and had committed themselves to the idea of 'what's the use?'

What is true of Chicago appears to be true of other places. The Woman Voter's Bulletin, for May, published by the Connecticut League of Women Voters suggests that the apathy of the non-voter is largely due to his feeling that there is nothing very important at stake so far as his life interests are concerned, in a political election and insisting that if people were given something to vote for they would vote.

The task of getting out the vote where there isn't a clear cut issue to get it out for, is so big that the winning of the Child Labor Amendment seems small beside it. It's a job for Mother rather than Daughter. Mother's used to kicking against the pricks and this part of the campaign has got to be carried on by means which training and not nature have made women able to use. There's the work of lining up the country in rival leagues to see which can get out the most voters, there's the organizing of pagents and processions and the frantic effort to dramatize the undramatic—the whole business of creating a sporting event out of what is only a matter of duty, and for a sex that cares little about sport! Just to get out the vote for the vote's sake! It is one of the things that has to be done but it better be put on the shoulders of Mother who has training in the suffrage fight to help her through.



BUT give us a real issue to vote about and see what we will do! Turn your eyes on Texas!

I approach this, the most dramatic thing that has happened in recent politics with the mixedest of feelings. To me it is one of the most significant and discouraging things that has happened since women were elegible to office. I say this after hearing the pleasantest reports of Mrs. Ferguson's personal qualities, and remembering also that while our first woman in Congress filled me with deep pride, we permitted another to get into that body who believed in having women neither vote, nor do much else for the general good but fall upon their knees at appropriate intervals; that we remained in a state of coma while a woman past eighty was appointed to fill out a Senate term as though it were a felicitation on her birthday; that we helped another to an office on which she had no stronger claim than that her husband had died suddenly; and have pushed into various positions several who had no better equipment for the job than that we wanted to prove that we could put a woman into it. There is no question that Mrs. Ferguson has courage, but rumor insists that she is simply a woman of good average intelligence hitherto devoted to her home, her husband, children and grandchildren. These are laudable interests but every little while something is liable to come up in the office of the chief executive of a state quite unconnected with domesticity or family affection—just as things may be brought to the attention of an occupant of the White House infinitely remote from the experience of a "dirt farmer." Is it possible that we look upon public office as either a bouquet or a consolation prize?

The significant thing is that, given a clear cut issue, women get out and vote without any special campaign to lure them into it. Mrs. Ferguson was nominated on two clear-cut issues. The first was to vindicate her husband, a former governor of Texas who had been impeached for misuse of public funds. This issue is said to have given her a hundred and sixty thousand votes. But can a man's honesty be proved by honoring his wife? Can rectitude be established by a majority vote? The second issue is Mrs. Ferguson's open opposition to the Ku Klux Klan, which is said to have given her some two hundred and fifty thousand votes more. The two issues together nominated her.

Whatever we may think of the first issue, the second is exactly the sort of public question to be decided by the vote, and Mrs. Ferguson's statements on the subject are far from ambiguous.

I am in favor of a law that will punish by a term in the county jail any person over the age of twenty-one found in a public place with a mask on or in disguise and where three or more persons over the age of twenty-one are found together in a private place with a mask or other disguise on, then I would give them one year in the pen. Furthermore I am in favor of putting any church property on the tax rolls at full value that is permitted to be used by parties in mask or disguise. I am in favor of a strict law requiring all secret or fraternal organizations to file the names of their membership in the County Clerk's office to be kept in a bound volume open to public inspection; failure to file such names and the proper certificate therewith to be a misdemeanor with a heavy fine and a revocation of charter . . . No klansmen or klanswomen will be appointed to office by me. As I go in the klan will go out."

A vote for Mrs. Ferguson was a vote against the K.K.K. for the women of Texas.

Oh we are realists, we women!

I AM writing this in the woods with a very young grey squirrel chattering at me from the second crotch of a walnut tree. He discovered me a few moments ago with a great spluttering of surprise and sits there now throwing out every insulting defiance he can think of—I am in too close proximity to his food supply! Walnuts are the realities of life to him. A glance at me assures him that I could eat a great many of them if I would. If I were nearer his size he would fight me for the possession of that tree, not knowing how I dislike walnuts.

Would not a race of squirrels having the franchise, vote to control walnut trees rather than to put a grey or red or a black squirrel in office? If they were all like this one I believe that they would, for he is a very young squirrel only to be satisfied with the attainment of concrete realities.

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After Twenty Years

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Here the author of The Mind in the Making gives us a glimpse into his own mind in the making. What—in twenty years—has happened to our ideas of government, of progress, of history itself? Can we still use the shifting past to help us in understanding the kaleidoscopic present? Professor Robinson gives his own answer—one that has been shaping and mellowing during these twenty years of reflection.

IT happened that some twenty years ago I completed a brief review of the History of Western Europe, from the break-up of the Roman Empire onwards. Today I am called upon to revise it. The editor of The Survey has asked me to put together some of my impressions as I tried to jump back over the wide gulf that has opened between us and the solid land on which we stood a score of years ago. But I find it almost as hard to reconstruct the bland assumptions of 1904 as those of the time of St. Louis or Augustus.

These twenty years have witnessed a more startling accumulation of human information, more astounding applications of ingenuity and, at the same time, a more tragic indictment of approved human institutions, than any of the stately eras into which we are wont to divide history. We have eaten of the tree of knowledge so freely that we are bewildered as no previous generation has ever been. For when good and evil tend to become matters of intelligence rather than of habit and routine, our old moorings are lost and we are tossed about on the waves of illimitable doubt. Former assurances turn into questions; and solutions into problems. Democracy, for instance, seemed twenty years ago an herb destined to heal the nations—a safe and gentle purgative of ancient impurities in the body politic. Now it is seen to have physiological effects of an incalculable nature when applied to Russia or China. Even in our own country, which might be imagined by this time to be fully inured to the drug, strange and perturbing symptoms are appearing. We see now that we had really been taking it only in small doses. The prognosis of what Professor McDougall has ventured to call "unmitigated" democracy is a matter of mere conjecture to the very wisest today.

Twenty years ago the Liberals were marching along, confident that they knew the secret of a beneficent future. Their cohorts still shone against the subdued background of conservatism. We could not foresee that they were destined so very soon to be outflanked and driven back by groups hitherto negligible in the conduct of the State. When in 1906 the Laborites won fifty seats in the House of Commons it was deemed a notable achievement. The rashest of prophets could not have hazarded the guess that Great Britain, France, Germany and Russia would be under socialistic ministries in 1924.

One might be forgiven if in 1904 he was under the impression that the trend of governmental reform was fixed for a long time to come. The French Declaration of the Rights of Man had taken the teeth out of ancient monarchy, and the British constiution, with its bi-cameral system and its responsible ministry, furnished a model toward which other nations might strive. Belgium, France, Italy and various lesser states had caught up with the procession. Germany might any day get a chancellor responsible to the Reichstag, and the prerogatives of the Bundesrath be reduced. Russia had a long way to go, but very soon a beginning was made by the creation of the Duma. The gross anachronism of an aristocratic upper house, the significance of proportional representation, and of functional representation, and above all, the dangers of an uncontrolled foreign office were not conspicuous twenty years ago. France seemed to have become a republic for good and all, but it had taken her a long time to become so; and no one could foresee the incredible increase of European republics which were soon to appear on the map. The boundary lines between European states appeared twenty years ago to be fairly fixed, subject to some possible mutations in the Balkan region. The idea of "nationality" was, it is true, flagrantly violated in the Austro-Hungarian complex, but the good old Hapsburg realms had withstood many a severe shock and might continue to do so. Racial minorities kept on raising their protests here and there, but it looked as if Poland was partitioned for good and all, and that Alsace-Lorraine was likely to remain a part of the German Empire. The sore spot represented by the remains of the Ottoman Empire in Europe appeared to be healing, in spite of periods of acute inflammation.

In short twenty years ago as one completed a manual going back to the days of Alaric and Augustine, as a *terminus a quo* he might be excused for thinking that the unification of Germany and Italy and the Franco-Prussian war represented a natural *terminus ad quem*, as the Scholastics would have put it. The tale seemed to be nicely rounded out and the historian could lay down his pen, or stop pattering his typewriter, with a sense of provisional finality. He might, if he was fortunate, have mentioned the Congress of Berlin, which would seem to be rather dragged in. The Triple Alliance was a rumor in 1904 and the secret counter-understanding between France and Russia too well hidden to be reckoned with. Who could foresee that these and similar dark hints forecast a thoroughgoing revision of the whole perspective of modern history? History does not seem to stop any more. All the historian can do nowadays is to leave off, with a full conviction that he may have played up merely specious occurrences and have overlooked vital ones. In 1904 he would hardly have mentioned the cession by the Congress of Vienna of the Ruhr valley to Prussia; now he has reason to emphasize this. The "bloodless" Turkish revolution of 1908 seems to take

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on a new aspect since Kemal and the Angora government have come on the stage. Not only does the past make the future but, when we get wise enough, we see that the future is constantly remaking the past.

In writing history it is also becoming harder and harder to justify any particular point of departure. It is as difficult to tell where to start as where to stop. One has somehow to scotch the eternal snake without killing it. The Middle Ages, after the works of Harnack, Dill, Taylor, Glover, Cumont, and many others, appear, from a cultural standpoint, to be a sort of attenuated later Roman Empire. And the later Roman Empire witnessed the lapsing of borrowed Greek culture; and the Greeks, we now know, were pretty depedent on all the wonders that were achieved by Egyptians and Western Asiatics, who built on the fundamental discoveries of neolithic mankind, whom we must recognize incredible progressives compared with their predecessors. It took the race, with its humble origins, so long to make a hatchet to be held in the hand, then so long to set it in a handle, then so long and so recently to set the handle in the hatchet! Since that achievement all things appear to have been going with extraordinary rapidity. Twenty years ago I had little "feel" for this, and few others had. Now it seems to me that the history of the race since Menes I of Egypt (the first recorded human name in history) is a very brief period, and that we are at the beginning of the beginning, as Mr. Wells conjectures—rather than in a somewhat advanced and ultimate phase of human achievement. The human experiment seems to me now about to start. The curtain is up and the play is on. The tempo of the overture has increased from largo to presto and pretty soon, the nimblest fingers will not be able to keep up with the score, unless we acquire unprecedented dexterity—and we may.

HISTORY I am now inclined to describe as an effort to recall those reminiscences of the past which cast most light on the present. It is an extension of our personal memories. Memory alone renders us sane and able to make judicious terms with things. History properly conceived should vastly augment our insight by widening our memories. It should contribute to precisely the same end as personal recollection, namely, that of orienting us in a world we never made, where we are strangers and afraid —to paraphrase the delightful lines of Mr. Housman.

We are at the beginning of the beginning —as Mr. Wells conjectures—rather than in a somewhat advanced and ultimate phase of human achievement. The human experiment seems to me now about to start.

From this standpoint most history books are poor, dull things, writen by unimaginative people with the temperament of faithful clerks. Conscientiousness and Insight seem suspicious of one another, and yet they might be friends. Careless talk about the past is just as bad as reckless statements about the present. An indefinite amount of slavish work is necessary to mine out the raw materials essential to forming any just estimates of the past—and there seem to be a good many willing to undertake this laborious kind of work. It is far more difficult to find those who can reduce crude information to wisdom and supply us with enlightening reminiscences. It is proper however to demand that such reminiscences be authentic, that is, based upon the best and most critical information we can get. This raises the troublesome point of how we are to view the past at once with cold scientific aloofness and at the same time apply it to our particular needs.

"Objective" history is supposed to be a search for facts regardless of any preferences or aims, except the discovery of the raw truth. It is history without an objective. I have come to think that no such thing as objective history is possible. One has always to make some kind of a selection in saying anything about the past. All writers consciously or unconsciously have to pick and choose from the inchoate mass of information at their disposal. They have moreover many unrecognized assumptions underlying their procedure. It cannot be otherwise. But if a historian does not appear to see any particular significance for himself or the reader in what he is putting down and the reader sees no other import than the bare authenticity of the facts recorded I suppose that a work on this basis can properly be called "objective." Histories of this kind are known only to the profession for the most part. Then there are the makers of historical tools, like Potthast, DuCange, Giry, Wattenbach, who answer highly technical questions and help the expert to find his way around. Their names are scarcely household words even among fairly assiduous students of the past. All this kind of business is fine and fundamental and it makes no difference how dull it may be, since those who know how to use it clearly perceive its value. All such books form the *scientific* basis of history. I plead however for a sharp distinction between meeting the needs of the professional historian and those of the public. And the two are often confused, as may be seen in innumerable historical works which fail to suit either class very well.

As I write this I have a vision of the Anaconda Copper Mills, where a selected variety of dirt is hauled over in cars from Butte and dumped into the most intricate series of sorters and melters until a good many useful things emerge in excessively small quantities compared with the tons which are fed into the discriminating devices which cover the hillside. At the very bottom comes a vivid stream of salmon-colored molten copper; but even this is not quite ready for human needs until it is sent up to Great Falls to be still further freed from extraneous matter. Even so with the raw materials of history, which have to undergo successive sortings and refinements to meet the various needs of the ultimate consumers.

The problem of smelting history has preoccupied me for years. How is human experience to be presented so as to do the most good in the case of school children, college students and the public? The past is a mine full of precious ore and as yet there is not any machinery adequate to save much of it. The mind of Mr. H. G. Wells is the best device which has yet appeared in the matter of varied efficiency. As I go over his Outline of History I am astonished anew at the incredible results of restoring, as Ruskin would have said, "the innocency of the eye." Mr. Wells sees the *obvious*, which is the greatest human

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achievement. I continue to wrestle with the problem and feel that I make a little progress in wriggling out of the old net that has entrapped the writers of historical handbooks. I am quite sure however that even the best of our historical manuals are still full of irrelevancies and fatuities which happen to have got sanctioned. I am sure that much of value has so far failed to be captured. Then teachers have an idea of what history should be, derived from an unintelligent past; and there are innumerable popular prejudices, patriotic, religious, political, economic and virtuous, which prevent one's telling what is best worth while. The possibilities have grown in my view during the past twenty years and at the same time the obstacles in the way of realizing them have rather increased.

We have eaten of the tree of knowledge so freely that we are bewildered as no previous generation has ever been. . . . It is almost as hard to reconstruct the bland assumptions of 1904 as those of the time of St. Louis or Augustus.

At the last meeting of the American Historical Association Professor Cheyney read as his presidential address a paper on the laws of history. This attracted much attention. There is no one among our professional historians whose opinions are better worth considering than those of Professor Cheyney. All that he had to say was admirably tentative and there is no doubt that a case can be made out for certain drifts, tendencies and currents in the past. And I infer that Professor Cheyney really meant scarcely more than these by what he apologetically called "laws." History is certainly a strange record of dogged survivals and of the abrupt and seemingly inconsequential injection of novelties and the perturbing effects of various altogether exceptional personalities, like Alexander the Great, Jenghiz Khan and Napoleon Bonaparte. How could it be otherwise? The foundation of my own historical philosophy is the simple proposition that the overwhelming part of our beliefs and institutions and habits in general are as they are because they have been as they have been. And if we are to see things now and then as they are the easiest way is to see them as they have been. This so-called genetic or historical approach is the discovery, I conjecture, not of the historians but rather of the natural history people, who taught the historian this most important of lessons. So history, when rightly understood, is but the most efficient way of seeing why we do as we do.

When it comes to be thus interpreted it will be the most vital and indispensable of preoccupations. It will show why we shut up shop on Sunday, which is the fault of the Babylonian anxiety to dedicate a day in turn to each of the heavenly bodies which aroused their respect, and why we elect a president in early November and install him in March. It will also make plain why the British use "d." for pence and "£" for pounds. In some minds antiquity stirs veneration; in others distrust. But it gets in its work just the same.

Among the seeming accidents of history which had widespread and lasting effects were the conquests of the youth Alexander of Macedon, in his burning desire to put his hated father in the shade. Likewise the coronation of Charlemagne as Roman Emperor, which implanted the longing in German kings from Otto the Great onward to keep a hold on Italy and exercise a peculiar control over the head of the Christian church, thus deflecting German history into unexpected channels for centuries. Then there is such a strange case as Henry VIII's reverence for a certain verse in Leviticus and his affliction with a certain disreputable disease which can hardly be left out of the origins of the Anglican establishment; and the restless Corsican's consolidation of a disrupted Germany, which cannot be left out of the history of the World War. But in our own private lives we are familiar enough with what seem to be the most chance determinants in our fate. That distinguished logician Charles Peirce found himself turning his thoughts before he got through from logic to "chance" and "love." They cannot be left out of the game.

There can be no doubt that future historians will be deeply affected in their interpretation of the past by the growing insight into the workings of human desires, as these are now coming to be understood. To most students of the past, men of old seem to be historical personages, rather than human beings. It requires some unusual exercise of the imagination to realize that the young Louis XVI was not merely or mainly a French monarch but a self-conscious, awkward youngster, seriously embarrassed by the lively Austrian girl foisted upon him. No one can say what intimate discussions were connected with the abrupt dismissal of his wise minister Turgot, who himself was cursed with bashfulness disguised as brusquerie. We take care now to establish beyond any peradventure the common humanity which we share with our chief executive by exhibiting his father buying a can of tomatoes at the country store. This is one of the by-products of democracy and rotary presses.

HISTORICAL writers have usually fuller accounts of kings and princes, their courts and wars, than of other people and happenings, so almost all our manuals make political history the main issue. It is readily assumed that a history of England or France or Germany is first and foremost an account of rulers and their conflicts with other rulers. It is well known that the English historian, Freeman, defined history as "past politics." The *res publica* or State would indeed appear to be the most indisputable object of common interest as over against merely private experiences of individuals. Like the Church it can be nobly defined. Professor Woolsey describes it in its modern sense as "a community of persons living within certain limits of territory, under a permanent organization, which aims to secure the prevalence of justice, by self-imposed law." Twenty years ago this definition would not have fallen so oddly on one's ears as it now does. The solemn academic treatises on government, the works of Stubbs and Hallam and Bluntschli and Professor Burgess were accepted at their face value and assumed to have some rather close relation to the facts of public life and to its history. Now we are becoming disillusioned both in respect to government as now practiced and the general history of the State.

As I reviewed the atrocities of the Roman imperial government, the conduct of kings and vassals in the Middle Ages, the Hundred Years' War, the times of Charles V and his son; the comings and goings of the armies of Louis XIV

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and of Frederick the Great, it happened that Veblen's recent book on Absentee Ownership came to hand and I found fresh definitions for the historic state which suited the observable facts rather than the current talk about the State. To Mr. Veblen the State has been a "princely corporation" most of whose attention has been devoted to the interests of its members, and to attacks on other princely corporations. As one rereads history in the light of recent events, foreign and domestic, I cannot but feel that he will agree that Mr. Veblen has given a marvellously suggestive statement of the general trend of things in the past:

> State-making was a competitive enterprise of war and politics, in which the rival princely or dynastic establishments, all and several, each sought its own advantage at the cost of any whom it might concern. Being essentially a predatory enterprise, its ways and means were fraud and force. The several princely and dynastic establishments took on a corporate existence, with a corporate interest, policy and organization; and each of them worked consistently at cross purposes with all other similar corporations engaged in the same line of adventure. Among them were also principalities of the Faith, including the Holy See. The aim of all centered in princely dominion and prestige, and in unearned incomes for the civil, military and ecclesiastical personnel by whose concerted efforts the traffic in state-making was carried on. Any one of these dynastic corporations could gain further dominion and prestige only at the expense of others of their kind, and only at the cost of their underlying population. It is a matter of course that the loss, damage, decay or discomfort of any one counted as gain for the rest; all gains being differential gains.
>
> The traffic was carried on then as now by warfare and warlike diplomacy: which always resolves itself into an expenditure of life and substance on the part of the underlying population of all contending parties. It was always, as it has always continued to be, an enterprise of intimidation which counted on an eventual recourse to arms—*ultima ratio principum*—and the business was always, then as now, worked out in terms of mutual damage and discomfort, the outcome being decided by the balance of damage and loss; the cost in life and substance falling then as now, on the underlying population, and the gains in dominion, prestige and goods going to the princely establishment and the kept classes.

Can any student of history when once his eyes are opened disagree with Mr. Veblen in suspecting that the fine talk about securing order and justice and the alleged divine attributes of sovereignty were essentially an unconscious expedient for keeping the underlying population on the job? The people at large were "a perpetual and inalienable asset of the dynastic establishment, by the Grace of God" and by force and teaching the underlying population soon came to see that the arrangement was not only unavoidable, but a most just and holy one. So that to traduce government, were any one tempted to do so, brought any daring member of the underlying population to the halter; and any murmurer among the great to the block.

There can be no doubt that our governments of today are derived from kings and their courts. The very word *sovereignty* which so many ardent defenders of our institutions are wont to recall, smacks of the sovereign and his entourage. But how far our modern politicians and office holders are able and inclined to carry on the traditions of the "princely corporation" is hard to say. There seems to be a certain difference between Henry VIII or Louis XIV, on the one hand, and Calvin Coolidge on the other. All of them have enjoyed, it is true, a curious "transferred" dignity which quite outran their personal distinction. As head of a state they all had to be heavily overrated and assigned a species of divine exceptionality. They are all symbols, in short—and a symbol enjoys, so to speak, the courtesies of the port. It is exempt from vulgar examination. I suspect that we have made some little progress toward conceiving government as a method of efficiently transacting our common affairs, but the hold-overs of tradition are still stronger than most of us suspect. History, if properly written, would put us on our guard, and show us what we are up against.

History—the illuminating reminiscences of times gone by, as I conceive it—should work for sophistication. And sophistication means understanding and insight and wisdom. It is no trivial and supercilious affectation, but something most fundamental. We cannot attack our political, religious, economic, educational and social standards directly, although we may well suspect that they must *per force* be anachronisms. They may all, however, issue into a clearer light when we think how everything that now goes on has come about. So history might be the great illuminator. As yet it is highly imperfect; but some day it may well become the most potent instrument for human regeneration.

The Hungry Club

A Pittsburgh Invention

By JOHN D. KENDERDINE

IF you are a male and have a dollar, you are welcome at the Hungry Club luncheon in the English Room of the Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh. For your dollar you will receive a plate of food—a mere culinary gesture; for your hunger, you will share in offerings of perhaps the most unusual open forum in America.

Sit down at this table at your right and meet an inveterate Hungry Club luncher. He is one of Andrew Carnegie's old partners, well past three score and ten. He may tell you how young "Andy" threatened to break an early Pittsbugh steel combination if they didn't take him in (the upstart bluffed them into it). Next comes a preacher, who has a penchant for saying things that make not only his congregation but the whole community sit up. Then, following round the table come a banker; a zealous single taxer; a scientist from the University of Pittsburgh; a junior officer of a steel company; a social worker.

Whether you are a conservative or a radical, a Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or what not, whether you believe in public or private ownership, if you have a *passion for understanding*, the Hungry Club wants you. There are few opportunities such as this for getting at a cross-section of the thinking of a great city—a cross section with the slice a bit thicker on the side of the young, progressive men.

Although the Hungry Club is distinctly a Pittsburgh institution, it could exist in much the same form in any other city. The only thing it might lack elsewhere is a

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certain mettle which comes through hardship. The life of the club has not been easy. Certain gentlemen have hurled brickbats at it whenever its head appeared. For Pittsburgh's industrial struggles have accentuated cleavages which other cities are sometimes all but unconscious of. As a Pittsburgher, in years past, you were likely either to accept or reject a ready-made code of human relations, and be labeled accordingly. Free speech was permitted, provided it was the right kind of free speech; none of this radical, bolshevist nonsense. Weren't there plenty of safe subjects to speak freely about?

It was with this background that a group of social workers some fourteen years ago formed the habit of lunching together informally on Monday. They talked about Pittsburgh; not about its real estate or its trade or its output, but about its poor people and its working and its rich people and the chances of each group understanding the other. They saw that industrial friction is aggravated by people going their ways apart.

But the industrial struggle was only typical. The great need of the city, as it is of most cities, was to recapture some of the neighborliness and cross-fire of talk of the old-time town; to get people together who wanted to get together but didn't know how.

The first step was to get some opposition around the table; it was too like-minded at the start. Each week men were invited to join the group. The new-comers were caught by the idea and brought their friends. A one-table luncheon grew to be three tables, then to occupy a small room, and finally to fill a large oak-paneled banquet-hall.

The club had to have a name, of course. Somebody called it the Hungry Club and the name stuck. Coming to the Hungry Club didn't commit any one to anything but an appetite. That afforded the simplest of all common meeting-eating grounds—nothing doctrinaire or creedal about it, no signing on the dotted line; but something universal and democratic. Every man is hungry. There is an old Latin phrase, *sapientia cum cibo*—wisdom with food. Not only hungry for food, but hungry for wisdom too. Here should be a place, where with a single effort, man might satisfy two primitive instincts—hunger for food and hunger for knowledge, the least common denominators of the brotherhood of man. The Hungry Club should appease his hunger by giving him something to chew on with his intelligence as well as with his teeth.

From the beginning the club has been completely informal. Except for a steering committee which meets at those infrequent intervals when a bit of steering is needed, there is no organization. The only officer, a volunteer without pay, is the secretary who holds the mailing list. He holds it tight. Nobody sees it; nobody knows whose names are on it. There is no membership committee, no qualification for admission, no studying of pedigree, business rating or political convictions. Membership consists merely in requesting entry on the mailing list and paying two dollars a year to cover cost of weekly notices. Membership commits you to nothing. There are no constitution and by-laws, no declaration of principles. The club never endorses anything. There is nothing to incriminate the most sensitive. The club is made safe for young business executives.

Yet with all this informality there is a clubby feeling, a sense of solidarity and of fellowship among people of widely varying backgrounds, codes and prejudices. Therein lies the secret of its success. As the seats are not assigned, you never know who your table companions will be, this week a lawyer, a clerk and a labor organizer and a teacher: next week, a teacher, a politician, an undertaker, a social worker and a journalist. That is what makes it interesting. The most unexpected people turn out to be human beings.

The meetings start promptly at 12:15. Luncheon itself takes a very few minutes. Then come announcements by the secretary, a very brief introduction by the chairman (a different member is selected each week as chairman) and by 12:45 an address by a speaker who is a specialist on his subject. Following the address is an open forum discussion, no member being allowed more than three minutes. The gathering usually breaks up by 1:30, but a vigorous speaker with a hotly controversial subject may hold a knot of discussers together until well into the afternoon.

Open forums usually suffer from one of two faults. They are usually so wide open that they fail to hold their audiences, or they are shut so tight that only those of like belief are attracted. The latter fault is the more common; people have a weakness for listening to speakers with whom they agree. But the yes-yes habit never stiffened anybody's intellectual backbone. The Hungry Club's backbone is in excellent condition. Could it be otherwise when a typical year's program included Raymond Robins and Everett Colby, Norman Thomas and Noel Sargent? On successive weeks in October, 1914, one address was on "Why Germany Is Fighting," and another on "Why the Allies Are Fighting." And when in April, 1916, Margaret Sanger spoke on "A New Social Service—Birth Control," she was answered a few weeks later by Dr. W. J. H. Boetcker on "The Other Side and the Inside of Birth Control."

You are not always sure of a good fight in the discussion which follows the speaker, but the chances are in favor of one. The Hungry Club does not dodge the controversial. On the contrary, during times of bitter public feeling, the club rises to its chance. It tries to schedule speakers to present both sides. Sometimes one side declines the honor. During the steel strike, Pittsburgh's battle royal, no one competent could be found who desired to answer Bishop McConnell, chairman of the Commission of Inquiry of the Inter-Church World Movement. Some of the employers declined the honor; some insisted that the tradition of the club meant both sides or no sides; some wanted the subject cancelled. The fact that the program went through with Bishop McConnell speaking and the other side defaulting, and that the club still lives, tells much for the intellectual integrity of the members. Again, when the fight against the 12-hour day was intense and the Pittsburgh newspapers gave the subject a wide berth, it was the Hungry Club which opened its door to S. Adele Shaw, herself a Pittsburgher and then a member of the staff of The Survey, to present those findings of the Cabot Fund investigation which set the ball rolling that ended in an about-face of the steel trade. When the fundamentalist-modernist discussion was at its height, Glenn Frank, editor of The Century, addressed the Hungry Club on "A Liberal Fundamentalist Movement." Later in the day he was scheduled to speak before another Pittsburgh group on a non-controversial subject. In the discussion which followed his second address, many requests were made that he repeat what he had said at the Hungry Club.

The member of the Hungry Club who gets most fun out of it is Charles C. Cooper, director of Kingsley House which used to overlook Pittsburgh from the top of the "Hill" but now carries on its neigborhhood work in its new plant in the East End. He has served as the perennial secretary of the Hungry Club. If you look through (*Continued on page* 61)

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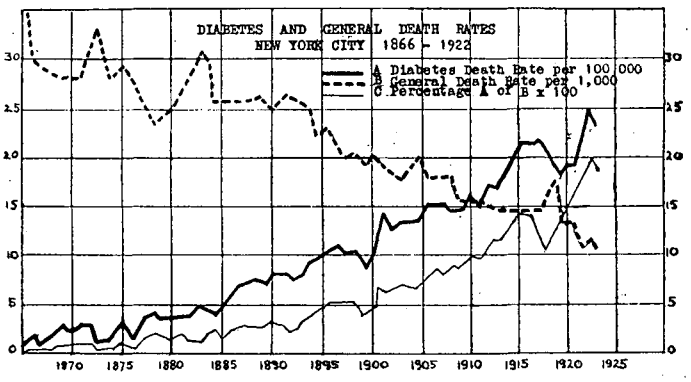
Sweetness is Death

By HAVEN EMERSON, M.D.

THE animal man is the most wonderfully adaptable of living things. His triumphs over great variations of temperature and climate, of dark and light, over artificial shelter and clothing, faulty hours and conditions of labor, prove his success. But there are limits to the range of his various functions, and one of the most recent of the trials which he has set himself—a dietary which has little relation to the seasons, his own needs, or any controlling factor other than the satisfaction of his caprice, has strained to the breaking point his ability to make safe use of food. He is sugar coating his meal-times (and between-times) at such a rate that his luxury in living has brought into shocking prominence one of the oldest, but formerly one of the least of the causes of death—diabetes.

Just after the Civil War when the earliest accurate records of death were collected in a few cities and states there was in New York City one death each year from diabetes mellitus, the sugar sickness, for every 2,400 deaths from all causes, an incidence so small as to be interesting chiefly because of its pathological rarity, whereas in 1923 there was one death from diabetes for every fifty-one deaths from all causes.



This is the more remarkable and significant because during that same period of time the deaths from all causes have fallen from about thirty out of every thousand of the population each year to less than twelve, accompanied by a tremendous shift in the relative importance of the leading causes of death.

Until within the past five years tuberculosis has led the list of all causes of death in this country and now we find it generally in fourth place, and in some favored regions only sixth numerically, while with the advancing security and duration of life those misfortunes of the later decades, heart diseases and cancer, head the list, with pneumonias, apoplexy and kidney disease following in order. In 1923 for the first time in the history of New York City there appears among the first ten causes of death, the formerly unusual or relatively uncommon disease diabetes mellitus. And yet it is common knowledge with us today that there is hardly an illness that can be more delicately, more promptly, more accurately diagnosed and for which we have such reliable resources for prevention, relief and often cure as we have for diabetes.

CHIEF CAUSES OF DEATH, CITY OF NEW YORK, 1923

Organic Heart Diseases	14,321
Pneumonia and Broncho-pneumonia	8,231
Cancer	6,287
Tuberculosis, all forms	5,673
Violent Deaths (Excluding suicide, including homicide)	4,502
Bright's Disease and Nephritis	4,367
Congenital debility and malformations	3,723
Diseases of Arteries	3,250
Diarrhea under 5 years	1,534
Diabetes	1,360

Let not the scoffers at statistics deceive you by the easy claim that the rise in diabetes death rates is fictitious and has merely parallelled the increased certainty and frequency of its recognition during life. With the widespread use of medical examinations of apparently healthy persons—for life insurance, for employment, and in the civil services—many more cases of diabetes have been detected in the early stages than formerly, and with the increasing skill and certainty of successful treatment many of these incidentally discovered patients have been saved from early and unnecessary invalidism and death. Few causes of death are as accurately recognized as is diabetes, and for this we have no less an authority than the truth-testing Dr. Richard Cabot, who found among three thousand autopsied deaths at the Massachusetts General Hospital over a long period of years an error of only 5 per cent by omission or commission in recording deaths from diabetes. If there has been an error in reporting deaths from diabetes in the past sixty years, it is that of underestimation, and it has not varied to any appreciable degree from decade to decade.

Yet in spite of the better and earlier diagnosis and treatment of the disease, the deathrate from diabetes has increased, very rapidly, within the past half century in this country, while the deathrates of the other preventable diseases with which education and organized health protection have made us acquainted, show an almost uniform decrease. Some very striking change has occurred in our manner of life, which destroyed fifteen times as many of us last year as it did two generations ago; for the annual toll of diabetes, which bears a direct relationship to the judgment we use in eating and physical exertions, has increased from 1.4 for each 100,000 of population in 1866 to 22.9 in 1923.

Look about at your associates, young and old, and tell me what have been the dominant features of their shifting picture of life. Do we work more and eat less?

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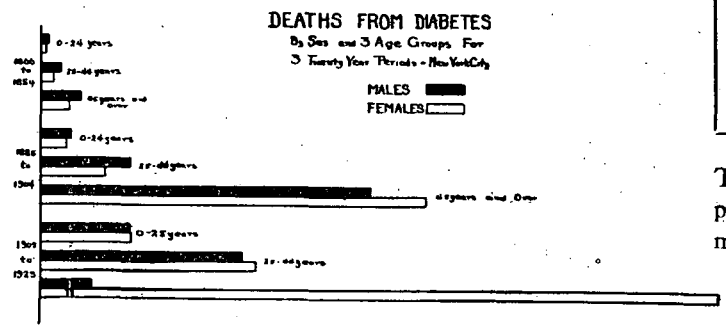
Have we found ways to pass spare time in doing or "being done for?" Has our ever rising "standard of living" meant more lazy comforts as well as ease in shelter, clothing and the luxury of time to ourselves? Do we eat for the food's sake and as an occupation or because we need it, and when we need it, according to age, climate and the work we do? Is it not true that in our motorized and mechanistic existence we have so spared ourselves exertion that we need but a portion of what our grandfathers ate—and yet have added generously to the range in variety and amount of food we eat? Nowadays we use more than a hundred pounds of sugar a year for each living American, at least three times what was sufficient to satisfy our grandparents, and very nearly a hundred per cent more than the supply that sufficed in the time of Columbus. Cane sugar as an almost chemically pure food is hardly more than five hundred years old and yet in this time it has radically changed our food habits, and not, on the whole, for the better in late years, in spite of its value as the cheapest fuel readily available for human energy.

Health departments and registrars of records have had the story of this great luxury disease hidden away in columns of figures, of age, sex, race, occupation and the place of residence of those who have died of diabetes. A study of the 23,000 diabetes deaths in New York City since 1866 gives many a useful clue for prevention, and points the lessons which must be learned if we would escape the opprobrium of being the grossest feeders among the nations, for we Americans are bulging with the money bags of the world, fairly oozing with wealth, eating every day much more than



any of our allies or opponents of the war, provided with every latest device and power to save the least movement of hand or foot, and as it were, dying of overeating.

According to Dr. Alonzo E. Taylor, that conjurer with calories on an international basis, we of the United States use food daily representing 3,600 of these heat units; Germany 3,200; England 2,869; France 3,160; Italy 2,560. Some idea of the steadily growing use of foods even in the thrifty and often war-ridden France is related by one of her own economists, Legendre, who calculates that the average per capita consumption of food in France amounted to only 1,645 calories in 1832, a hunger ration, to 2,255 in 1862, and was 3,160 in 1912, or probably ample and more than enough for all needs of growth and work as now organized in that land of varied occupations and mild climate.

It is not among our children that diabetes deaths have increased nor to any great extent among men or women up to the age of twenty, but in the fair fat forties when many a fortune has been made, when the children are reared, the household established, and the income permits steady savings.

DEATH RATE FROM DIABETES PER 100,000 POPULATION BY SEX AND AGE GROUPS IN THE REGISTRATION STATES AND NEW YORK CITY—1920.

U. S. Registration Area

Age	Deaths from Diabetes		Death Rates from Diabetes per 100,000	
	Male	*Female*	*Male*	*Female*
All ages	6301	7597	14.83	18.09
Under 5 years	107	79	2.32	1.75
5— 9	126	124	2.81	2.81
10—14	159	196	3.81	4.76
15—19	203	137	5.53	3.67
20—24	201	176	5.57	4.62
25—29	209	161	5.64	4.34
30—34	226	202	6.62	6.19
35—39	252	186	7.51	6.09
40—44	265	273	9.68	10.7
45—49	392	433	15.3	19.5
50—54	510	695	24.2	37.1
55—59	662	978	41.8	68.3
60—64	628	1161	63.0	97.2
65—69	783	1077	67.4	127.7
70—74	616	854	104.5	145.0
75—79	459	521	129.3	138.7
80—84	210	242	133.9	129.5
85—89	71	81	122.3	108.2
90—94	18	15	134.6	75.6
95—99	3	3	100.8	66.5
100 and over	—	—	—	—

New York City

Age	Deaths from Diabetes		Death Rates from Diabetes per 100,000	
	Male	*Female*	*Male*	*Female*
All ages	411	664	14.7	23.6
Under 5 years	3	3	1.06	1.08
5— 9	12	5	4.46	1.87
10—14	5	9	2.01	3.65
15—19	9	5	4.11	2.13
20—24	3	18	1.20	6.08
25—29	10	14	3.57	4.74
30—34	12	11	4.57	4.39
35—39	14	12	5.67	5.28
40—44	19	31	9.71	16.88
45—49	38	50	22.7	32.9
50—54	47	82	34.6	62.7
55—59	69	98	76.6	110.04
60—64	48	102	70.8	147.9
65—69	56	99	146.2	233.7
70—74	31	66	133.5	239.5
75—79	25	37	209.0	240.5
80—84	7	16	146.1	280.0
85 and over	3	6	143.3	162.2

Then comes the period of middle aged comfort which expresses itself in more mileage on wheels and less on foot, more pounds around the waist line, cream instead of milk and the general superabundance which goes with self-indulgence, and then the death rate from diabetes leaps upward, and much more rapidly for women than for men. In Germany where the death rate from diabetes fell during the war to one-third its 1913 level it was among the women that the rate dropped first and farthest, and when the favorable years of 1920 and '21 came, with work and food reasonably abundant, it was among the men that the rate rose first.

The contrast between tuberculosis, a disease always fostered by poverty, low standards of living and food shortage, and diabetes, a disease of wealth and feeding and fatness, is nowhere better shown than in the story of the races. The Jews show the lowest tuberculosis death rate of all the human families whom we have assembled in the United States from the four corners of the world, and the Negro the highest rate (except perhaps for the Chinese and Eskimo). In diabetes, however, it is the Negro, whether in southern states or in northern cities, who gives the lowest diabetes death rates, thanks to his occupations, for the most part heavy bodily labor which justifies at least as liberal a diet as his relatively low wages can buy. Diabetes, commonly known in Europe as the *"Judenkrankheit,"* kills at

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a higher rate among the Jews than in any other race; these merchants, storekeepers, needle workers, sedentary workers, always abundantly though cheaply fed, suffer from lack of exercise and the very success of their financial resources.

As we scan the states, wide variations in death rates appear and out of these a few further arguments develop. New Hampshire leads the country with twenty-eight deaths from diabetes per 100,000 per annum, chiefly because her population, selected by emigration of her youth, represents a high proportion of persons in the later decades of life. In general the states which have either great per capita wealth, an old grouping of the population (a combination particularly noticeable in California) manufactures and power driven industries instead of agriculture, lumbering and the like, show the higher death rates from diabetes. The southern agricultural states with much Negro labor give the lowest rates; the wealthy industrial cities of the north and particularly those with a high proportion of Jews (29.1 per cent in New York City) present the highest local rates of death from this disease.

DEATH RATE FROM DIABETES BY STATES, RELATED TO AGE AND ECONOMIC FACTORS

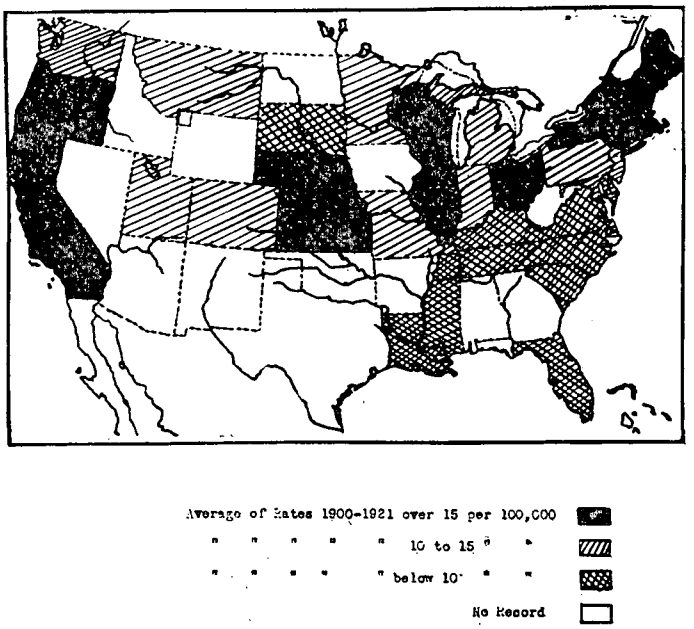
State	Death Rates from Diabetes Average 1920	1920-21	Percent of Population 45 yrs. & over	Per Capita Income 1919	Expectancy of Life in 1st year—1920 Male	Female
New Hampshire	23.4	20.2	28.5	$597	——	——
New York	23.3	18.4	22.5	874	57.13	59.16
Maine	21.8	18.4	28.1	583	——	——
Connecticut	21.1	18.4	22.2	717	58.45	60.33
Massachusetts	20.9	18.1	24.2	788	58.93	60.32
Nebraska	20.7	20.1	20.5	702	——	——
Rhode Island	20.2	18.7	23.3	720	——	——
Vermont	19.6	20.0	28.5	529	——	——
Wisconsin	18.7	15.4	22.1	557	62.77	63.55
New Jersey	18.6	14.8	21.1	758	58.02	59.83
Illinois	17.9	17.1	21.6	765	59.19	60.81
Ohio	17.6	15.8	23.2	689	60.11	61.39
Oregon	17.5	19.2	24.4	711	60.73	62.30
Minnesota	17.3	14.8	20.7	581	61.86	62.97
California	17.1	16.6	26.1	820	57.75	61.12
Maryland	17.0	13.6	22.3	689	58.42	59.77
Kansas	16.6	16.2	22.4	602	63.14	63.48
Indiana	16.5	13.4	24.8	581	60.90	60.51
Michigan	16.3	14.2	21.7	704	59.76	59.48
Pennsylvania	16.3	13.9	20.9	683	57.93	59.68
Colorado	14.5	11.1	21.9	629	——	——
Washington	13.9	13.2	22.7	786	60.70	62.60
Utah	13.2	12.7	16.6	517	58.77	61.18
Missouri	12.1	13.8	23.1	535	60.32	61.56
Montana	10.8	11.4	18.4	512	——	——
Delaware	10.7	12.2	23.7	792	——	——
Virginia	9.3	8.9	18.5	429	60.75	61.22
Florida	8.8	8.8	19.4	420	——	——
So. Dakota	——	7.8	18.0	685	——	——
Louisiana	7.8	7.5	16.1	429	——	——
No. Carolina	7.7	7.5	16.1	383	61.25	60.72
Kentucky	7.5	8.1	19.9	392	60.97	60.05
Tennessee	6.2	6.5	18.6	365	61.54	60.77
So. Carolina	6.2	6.1	14.4	437	59.54	60.40
Mississippi	5.8	5.5	16.3	351	——	——
United States	16.1**	14.29**	20.8*	627	59.38***	60.63***

* Continental United States
** Registration States
*** Aggregate of states listed—78 per cent of total population

It is not money in the bank, nor being a Jew, nor a woman in the roaring forties, that determines the excess of diabetes deaths, nor yet the job of clerk, salesman or merchant, but it would appear quite clearly that when people who have the means to grow fat indulge in their privilege, they develop diabetes more commonly, or at least die of it in larger numbers than do those who keep a due proportion between work and fuel, regardless of their power to underwork and overeat. Nor is it excess of sugar alone or perhaps mainly which has brought this eminence to Americans, but the overindulgence in all kinds of food. Sugar merely happens to be the element in our diet which has shown the greatest increase in per capita consumption in the last half century and the one most susceptible of reasonably exact expression.

Many will recall the voluntary self denial of sweets, wheat flour, and the like during the war years 1917-18 and a glance at the charts shows how quickly this partly altruistic and emotional and partly necessitous food restriction cut down the diabetes death rates. This same event, though chiefly from force of law and blockades, had the same effect in England and France where it was more marked and extended over a longer period. We can indulge in moderation, in a little self-denial as a war measure, while in the

DISTRIBUTION OF DEATH RATES FROM DIABETES BY STATES



prosperity of peace, with money in our pockets and food on the grocery shelves, we buy and eat out of all need or reason.

Waves of teaching have swept over nursery, school and household throughout the land advising us what quality and quantity of foods are required to provide for growing childhood, and particularly for protection against tuberculosis in youth and early maturity. It would seem that middle-aged adults, especially women, are applying the lessons of childhood to their own detriment, and are overeating themselves into fatness, and as a result into their graves, as certainly as children who are not provided with vitamine foods as well as fuel and repair foods in their early years are starved into rickets or scurvy.

The furore of interest which followed the public announcement of the discovery of insulin reflected popular hope of an easy way out of the consequences of dietary sins. But while insulin can work miracles within its own sphere, that sphere is limited chiefly to crises of the disease, and it has a less important use in the chronic course of diabetes, or in its actual cure, and no use at all in its prevention. Diabetes is a disease essentially of the idle rich, in which definition idleness and riches are not the opposites of occupation and poverty, but terms applicable to anyone whose environment and self-support does not require of him some sustained vigorous bodily exertion every day, and whose earnings or income permit him, and whose inclination tempts him, to eat regularly more than he needs. Diabetes is preventable: as it is fostered by self-indulgence, so it can be prevented by individual education and self-control.

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Seven P. M.

By ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE

Sketches by Sara Merrill

MRS. NYACK stood beside the stove on a hot May evening poking the pork chops doubtfully with a fork and holding on to her cheek. It was the end of a particularly wearing week. The kitchen was hot, the other three rooms were hot, and everyone was late. Mrs. Nyack had been waiting for the whole family for over an hour, alternately heating up the chops as she thought that she heard her husband's step upon the stairs, then turning out the gas again, and applying the oil of cloves to her tooth. The later Mr. Nyack and Joe arrived, the more likely were they to demand their dinner the instant they opened the door. Both men did hard manual labor and were furiously hungry when they came home. They could hardly be blamed for wanting their dinner and wanting it at once. On the other hand, if their arrival varied by an hour, how could they expect their meals to be ready on the dot? Both the appetite of the men, and the inability of Mrs. Nyack to appease it instantly at an uncertain hour, were reasonable. But the Nyacks were seldom reasonable at six p. m. and never at seven.

Waiting over an hour

The first to arrive was May. She worked at a box factory, and had her Saturday afternoons off. This year for the first time she had spent her Saturdays as she saw fit. Until she was sixteen she had given up her holiday to the weekly cleaning of the four rooms of the Nyack apartment. This spring she had announced that since she gave $7 of her weekly $13 toward the family budget, she would not give her Saturday afternoons. "You take that or nothing," was her ultimatum, "and if you crab, I'll leave like Louisa." This was a serious threat. Louisa was the eldest child and she had worked for three years in a printer's office. Her mother had always insisted on taking her entire pay envelope, although Louisa had protested bitterly, but in vain. So she bided her time. On her eighteenth birthday had occurred the great emancipation proclamation in the Nyack family. Louisa had removed herself and her belongings to a rooming house, and it developed that in this strange country no law could force her to come home again. An occasional bill she gave her mother for old times' sake, and she often paid visits at mealtimes—meals for which she scrupulously paid. But to come back and live with her family, she refused. Since May still lived at home she knew that she owed her family something, but she did not propose to have her mother issue back to her at her own discretion the money which she had herself earned. Nor would she allow her mother to spend it for her. The Nyack tradition for generations had been that children, before their marriage, owed all their earnings to their parents. The generation now coming on disagreed with this precedent, and insisted upon doing as they chose. So although the children and their parents loved each other, relations were somewhat strained.

NOW, as it turned out, May had had her Saturday afternoon, but it had not been successful. Bud Wyckle, who for three successive Saturdays had waited for her on the drug store corner, in order to accompany her to Dreamland Park, had not kept his tryst today. May had gone to the park with a crowd of girls, and on the dance floor, there was Bud, dancing with the girl who took the tickets at the movie theatre. This was a severe blow. To see her 'steady' dancing with an over-dressed blonde in red shoes took the sunshine out of life. In fact it robbed life itself of any reason for being. All that May could do, she had done.

She left the park in a rage, and spent five dollars for some green King Tut sandals, with green silk stockings to match. She would show Bud whether she or the theatrical blonde was the "classier" dresser. But when May entered the kitchen where Mrs. Nyack's flushed face shone over the frying pan, she braced herself for the storm. Useless to explain to her mother why green sandals were necessary.

"You take them things off," ordered her mother, the moment her impatient eyes fell on May's feet. "You spending money on fancy truck, and me with my teeth, and all," she shouted. "You take them off, I say."

"If I take them off, I take myself off," May shouted back.

"You crook!" screamed her mother in exasperation.

"Shut your face," answered May, in the same key.

The argument continued at this pitch until the door opened and Louisa stepped in.

May

"Any eats tonight?" she inquired, laying a dollar bill ostentatiously upon the table.

She listened to the last reverberations of Mays "shut-ups."

"Still quarreling, I see," she observed with a shrug, and then, "You can stop your mouths, right now, or me and my dollar takes a walk," she added, and her hand started toward the bill. Her mother's hand, however, reached it first.

"Well, look at them green legs," cried Mrs. Nyack, "and ask why I'm jawing, and me with my face aching all the week."

She was almost in tears, but she knew already that her case was lost. She saw May

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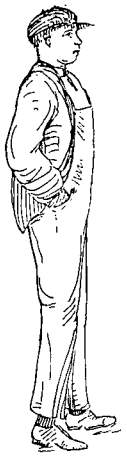
glance at Louisa and heard her sneer, "Better take your dollar and ramble, old thing; same old hole."

Their mother knew that if she said another word Louisa, and probably May, would both be off. Her hand tightened on the dollar. She needed it toward the new teeth, and besides that, Louisa was her daughter and she wanted to see her. So she gulped down her sobs and the wrath which the wanton green slippers aroused in her, and turned on the gas again.



Joe

By this time Mr. Nyack was on the threshold with his dinner pail. He had wielded a pick in the hot sun for nine hours, the perspiration had made paths through the dirt on his face, hunger clawed at his vitals like a gnawing fox—and here were his three women having words with each other, and the meat not on the table.

"Dry up, you damned women," he roared. And because of some remnants of fatherly authority, or because they thought his advice was sound, they did stop their clamor, and drew up their chairs.

"You sit down, Ma," said May, ready to make amends, "I'll dish it up," and she placed the plates of chops and potatoes, again reheated over the gas, before the family.

"Leave some for Joe," sighed her mother, "and give me my coffee. I can't chew."

She was glad to sit down, even though the meals were only an aggravation to her at this stage of her dentistry.

Mrs. Nyack had put off getting her false teeth as long as she could, both on account of the expense, and because she had refused to consider her teeth all her life, and she hated to begin. When her first child had come home from school, with a small card on which was printed—"I promise to brush my teeth every day," and had pinned it over the sink, she was mystified. And when the young enthusiast proceeded to fly at the inside of her mouth with a small brush, the mother was horrified. She tolerated any such ceremony in her kitchen only because she was more in awe of the public school teacher than she was of the Pope. In every previous encounter with the school system she had been worsted, and she knew that she would be in this. So she kept silence, but she was utterly unconvinced. As her successive children came home with ridiculous little brushes, she accepted the mania only as one more feature of an unaccountable country.

"They'll be taking a broom to their stummicks next," she confided to her husband who was as much bewildered by the performance as she. Although the parents could not stop their children, both of them resolutely declined to join in the obscene rite themselves. Now at forty, Mrs. Nyack was parting with her last teeth after weeks of torture. Everyone lost teeth at forty, as a matter of course. That she accepted as part of life. But $25 for an American set was indeed an expense which demanded all the help which the children could give. And here were green shoes, and Louisa ready to walk off with her dollar unless her mother kept quiet. She sighed heavily over her coffee. All the family contrary, and she with only the strength of a week of "spoon-food" to help her keep the peace.

"I've got a new job," announced Louisa, amid the silence of the dinner table. "The printing trade is too dirty and no raise in sight. I heard about a swell job from a fella who got his printing done at our place. Its pressed-aluminum-household-utensils," she rattled off all in one word, as incomprehensible to the rest of them as if she spoke in Arabic. "I start in next Monday with the firm—canvassing," she went on. "He says you make a lot of money on it too—salary and commission on the raffles."

"On the raffles?" asked May. "What raffles?"

"The raffles of the pressed-aluminum-household-utensils," said Louisa. "You go to the house and get the lady to give you her kitchen. Then you give her a meal cooked in the never-burn kettles, and then you raffle off the kettles to her after she's eat the dinner. The fella says you make a lotta money if you work it right."

"Sounds good," said May. "Any chance for me? I've got a place to hash at a hot-dog booth myself, but this sounds better. I'm tired of the factory," and she thought of the faithless Bud. It seemed to her that never again could she face the girls in her section, who had witnessed her discomforture on the Dreamland dance floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Nyack had not the slightest idea of what this talk was about. Aluminum-raffles in other peoples kitchens—it meant nothing to them. But money was an idea which they could grasp.

"How much more do you make?" asked Mr. Nyack.

"What's the commission?" demanded Joe, who had just come in.

"Who pays for the dinner?" inquired May.

"Who cooks the dinner?" murmured Mrs. Nyack faintly. "You ain't much of a cook, Louisa."

And then too late she saw her mistake. Louisa arose from the table in wrath.

"I didn't come home to answer questions," she said angrily. "You don't understand what I tell you, so what's the use of telling? I pay my own bills, don't I? I ask you for nothing, do I? Do ya think this dinner was worth the dollar I gave you? Can't I cook as well as this if I have to? Couldn't I have got the same for thirty-five cents downtown, and gone to a show beside?" she asked, her voice rising.

As a matter of fact, she was rather hazy on the details of her pressed-aluminum venture herself, but she had no idea of letting them guess it. She was very proud of her independence and her cleverness. She intended to dazzle them with her new job, but she had no idea of having it questioned.

May, glad to have attention diverted from her green shoes, made no effort to quell the rising storm, but Joe, who had been quietly eating his dinner, with a mysterious package by his side, felt that the time had now come to produce it. Joe was an odd combination of a working man and a small boy. He was a heavy goodlooking fellow of nineteen, but heedless as a child. He was his mother's favorite. He did hauling for a greenhouse which for the last two weeks had been plastered with the sign—"Say it with flowers to Mother on Mothers' Day." This sign had been the subject of considerable discussion among the men during their lunch hour, and Joe, who was really fond of his mother, had had his chivalry stirred. He would make his mother a present. He had however no idea of saying it with flowers. To pay good money for flowers, is something no Nyack would do

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except for a burial. But there was something else he decided to say it with, and unable in his eagerness to wait until the morrow, he shoved a large package on to the table, toward his mother. Louisa might as well see that she was not the only one with big ideas. And as for May and her green slippers—his chest swelled to think how much more generous he was than she.

"Two bucks," he murmured in an aside to May, but his father heard it.

"Two bucks?" he echoed with a puzzled frown.

As for Mrs. Nyack, she stared at the bundle without speaking. It was too large to be teeth, and what else would her children be wasting "two bucks" on, with that dentist bill to pay? As for Mothers' Day she had never heard of it. She was entirely unaccustomed to any sentimental attitude toward motherhood, and the gallant desire in Joe's breast to "say it with something" in emulation of the well-dressed American men who came to the greenhouse, was something she was incapable of understanding. She was so tired and worried by the vagaries of Louisa and May that she felt that she could stand nothing more, but she undid the strings doubtfully, and opened with caution the two boxes which lay within. She raised the lid of one box and then of the other and gazed at the contents with stupefaction—*Caramels.* Not one box, but two.

Two bucks for two boxes of tough chewing candy which made her jaws ache to look at, and which made her heart sick when she thought of the wasted money— Then instead of her heart sinking, her anger rose. Selfish children, all of them. Or were they teasing her? Or were they going crazy? She rose from the table and thrust out her forefinger at Joe.

"So you spend your money on muck I can't eat, and call it a present, do you?" she cried, her color rising with her voice. "Where is the money you owe me? Did them boxes cost you two bucks, you young liar? You know they didn't. You gambled away your money and stole the boxes, you crook. The police will be here next, and me always an honest woman," she screamed, too worn out and hysterical to notice the utterly crestfallen look on her son's face.

For a moment he looked as if he would cry with disappointment, and Louisa, who had always babied Joe more or less, hastily interposed—"Oh, Ma, shut up," she said. "That's on the straight. They cost that much. Its a swell present. That's right, tomorrow is Mothers' Day," she added soothingly.

Enter Mr. Nyack

But Mothers' Day meant nothing to Mrs. Nyack, or to Mr. Nyack either. He turned on his son in enraged astonishment.

"So you're lifting boxes and gambling away your money, are you?" he shouted, and then he added from sheer nervousness and from long habit, the most opprobrious epithet that one man can give another. Joe rose to his feet like a cat and picked up his chair by the back. The others rose with him.

Obviously, if Joe was what his father called him, it was his mother who was demeaned by the epithet. Such an accusation was more than speech. It was violence. And from a husband to his son, before his wife—it was almost murder. Of course Mr. Nyack had meant nothing of the kind. He and his wife had had their daily quarrels to be sure. But he knew well enough that she had been entirely faithful to him and to his interests. His epithet to his son had been merely a manner of speaking. It had slipped out, with no reference to its meaning, because Mr. Nyack was tired and cross, and his children seemed to be smothering him with their outlandish whims. But when he saw his two daughters rising from the table against him, backed by a hysterical wife, and a son ready to throw a chair at him, it entirely destroyed what self-restraint he had left after so wearing a day. He grasped his own chair aloft and threw it blindly. It hit the stove pipe, knocking it clear from the wall, and distributing the soot over the table and over the heads of the three screaming women.

Joe, his feelings a blind mixture of hurt pride, chagrin over his ill-chosen present, his realization that his mother could not be made to understand his motive, and wild wrath over his father's unjust epithet, flew at his father and pinned him to the floor by his throat. He began choking him so successfully that Mrs. Nyack, unable to bear more, gave a wild shriek and fell unconscious over the table. Louisa and May gave one horrified and disgusted glance at each other. Then Louisa clawed at Joe's throat, as the only available spot of attack where she could hope to weaken his grip on his father, and May, catching a pail of water from the kitchen sink, threw it impartially over all of them. By this time the clamor had risen to such a height that the neighbors were collecting outside the door.

"Help! Help!" screamed May, ready to fly into hysterics herself, as she saw that the soot and water between them had effectually devastated the green sandals for all time.

A crowd of neighbors pushed the door open at this cry, and Joe, his ardor somewhat cooled by the water and by the presence of the newcomers, rose sulkily to his feet. His father, after some preliminary grunts and snorts, did the same. In the shamefaced silence (*Continued on page* 64)

A Loose Leaf from a PSYCHOLOGIST'S DICTIONARY

Fatigue (*f. fatigo + tire*). Exhaustion of strength caused by excessive exertion. If fatigue is abnormally continued, the nervous system goes through a stage of heightened sensitivity, or hyper-esthesia, when it is affected by stimuli which would be relatively unimportant at other times. People who are in a continual state of over-fatigue, and who are unable to recuperate by the usual means of change of scene, quiet, privacy, become chronically irritable.

May: "You take that or nothing, and if you crab I'll leave like Louisa."

Mrs. Nyack: "Well, look at them green legs, and ask me why I'm jawing, and me with my face aching all week."

Mr. Nyack: "Dry up, you damned women."

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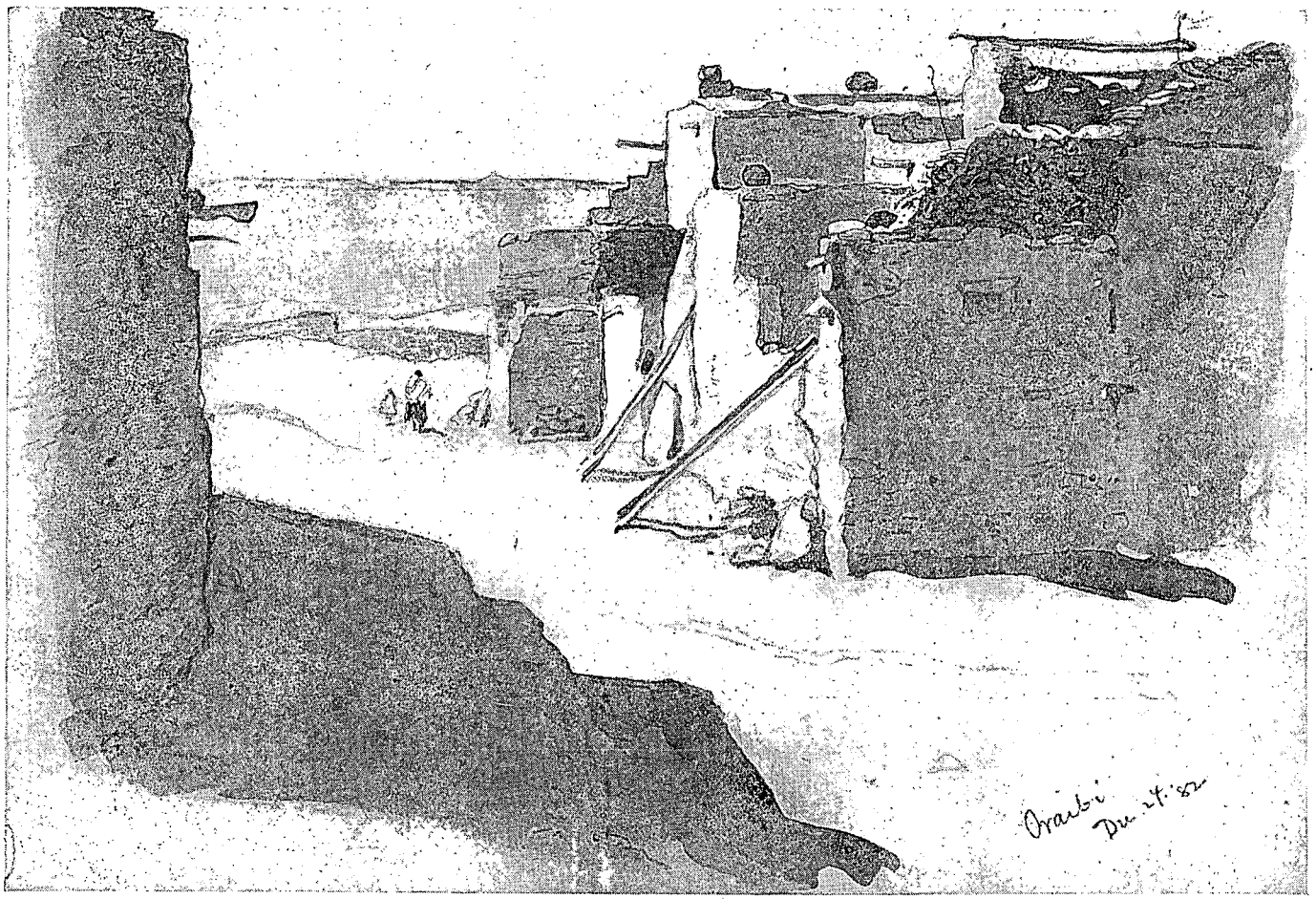

Pueblo of Oraibi deep in snow

Zuñi

Leaves from a Sketch Book

By WILLARD L. METCALF

FORTY-ODD years ago, before travel was an easy thing in those regions, two young men went down into the ancient cities of New Mexico. They carried on their backs all their possessions; among the most important of these being, aside from blankets and such gear, a small brown sketch book. This book was the travelling companion of W. L. Metcalf. In the sketch book are recorded places and people as they were before the ethnologists, anthropologists, and the attendant train of white people of varying occupations and interests found their way into the land of the Zuñi Indians. This was the expedition, from which, in a way, time is reckoned, for the man with Mr. Metcalf was Frank Hamilton Cushing, to whom all succeeding scientists and investigators pay tribute as pioneer, explorer and discoverer of this pre-historic people.

Each year the ancient landmarks crumble a little more, and the white civilization reaches out encroaching hands toward the lands of the Indian reservations. The Graphic is pleased to reproduce these earlier records of the pueblos as illuminating Mrs. Austin's article.

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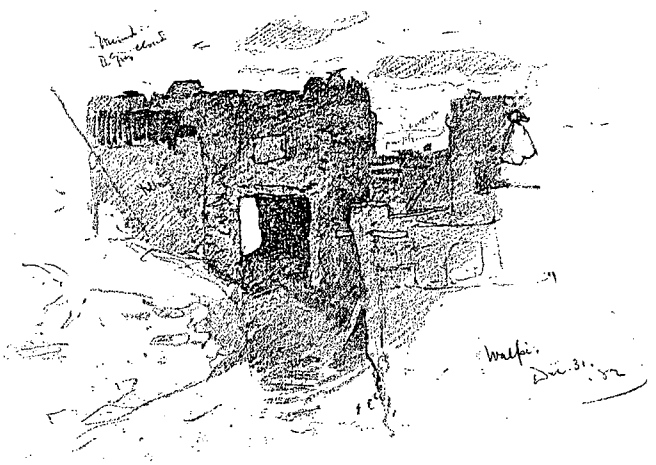
In the winter of 1882, when Mr. Metcalf and Mr. Cushing left the friendly pueblo of Zuñi and travelled to a neighboring community at Oraibi they found a different language spoken and a decidedly unfriendly reception for strangers. While this sketch was being made on the housetops, the council was debating in the court below whether it were not best to exterminate the foreign strangers and have no more bother about them. The children were watching their elders intently while the artist busied himself in making an exceedingly careful drawing



An old doorway

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Zuñi boys

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Old archway at Zuñi

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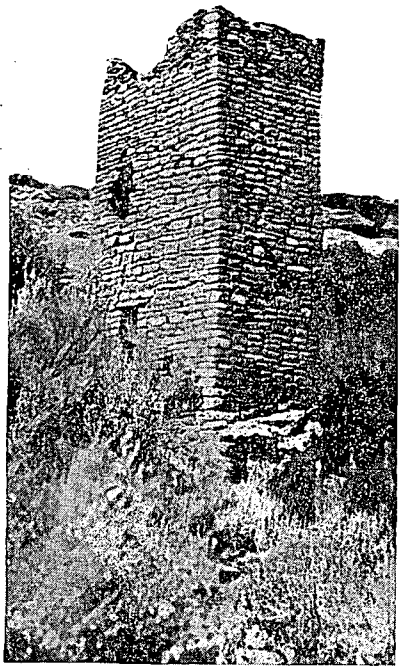
The Days of Our Ancients

By MARY AUSTIN



Photograph from the Smithsonian Institution

Out of the roundish, stone-heaped den rose the sharp-cornered watch tower of an organized society

AT Halona, the Middle Ant Hill of the World, which is Zuñi, when the snow lies on the terraced houses like a summer cloud, when clear flame runs up the cedar logs in the three cornered fire-places and no one looks out of doors for fear of what may be roaming about there, under dim breasts of Thunder; "Come," say the Elders, "let us abide with Our Ancients a while." Then you may hear, if you are so privileged, and have the wit to disentangle it from the skein of tribal symbolism, the only account of early man in America that has the color of veracity. For, if they came, these dark Ancients of ours, as our own shamans are fairly agreed, retreating, from some unidentified cradle of the Mongol peoples, before, or between the great ice epochs, the memory of that passage might well have survived in the creation myths of the Zuñi and Town pueblos.

Man, as the Zuñi understand him, came to knowledge of himself in the lowest of the four womb worlds, in Sipapu, the Mist-encompassed Place, and in a state unfinished, tailed, in fact, and web-fingered, "mudheads" as you can still see them, learning to be men in the dance of the Ko'yemishi. Thence he climbed by the roots of the great pine, by the Douglas spruce say the Tewa—to the world of water-moss, cold, sunless; faint tribal memory perhaps, of the arctic tundras crossed on the way to the Middle Place. So world by world, sticky with undried slime, fearful with receding flood and earthquake trembling, they climbed, having as helpers the Great Twin Brethren, right and left hands of the Sun Father, pulling the dust up through the corn to be man, pulling man down to the dust again. In some such fashion the Zuñis, who speak a language having no relation to any known tongue, prefigure their passage from the racial homeland to the Place of Emergence, localized for every tribe in some volcanic crevice or bottomless crater lake. But of their Mongol origin there is little left unless you will accept the discovery of a Chinese visitor that at Taos the word for hair, and for a certain way of wearing the hair, are the same in Chinese and Tanoan. Also when Amerind blood is passed through alien strains of the second or third dilution, especially when it goes through the Spanish speaking stock of this region, very young children will look gravely at you out of doll-like, round heads with the slant, enigmatic eyes of the Japanese.

For the rest, we have to accept the conclusion of the ethnologists that the Dawn period of the Amerind people was long lived through before our Southwestern tribes appeared on the plateau of Southern Utah and Colorado anywhere from three to five thousand years ago to build there out of their instinctive adaptations to the environment the most perfect type of cooperative communal life of which we have any knowledge.

Somewhere in their journeying the unripe tribes had learned to dig round holes in the ground, roofed over with reeds and grass, later, as they came to the crumbling soils of the south land, shored up from within by tree trunks that, projecting a foot or two above the level of the ground became the support of flat roofs, entered through hatchways from the top, by ladders of notched pines. Scattered over the vast *abras* of the Southwest as far south as the Mimbres, faint markings of these pit houses can still be found, or in fertile valleys, village clusters traced by the greener plats of vegetation where the tamped floors and ruined walls

Our First American Communities

WHAT Mrs. Austin has set down here is the earliest chapter of collective living on the North American continent—a chapter we should be cognizant of in our civic history. We look back to the tide water settlements of the Atlantic seaboard, to the English village, to the Hansa towns, to the dawn of our institutions in the fertile crescent. Not in that way was this primitive village life of the great South West handed down to us. We did not derive from it. But it's part after all of the same process; an ancient chapter in a new world setting. Here no less than in the valley of the Nile and in the Euphrates, in Swiss lake and Cornish chalk pit, are vestiges of it we should cherish; vestiges which are not bones and shards but living communities such as that at Zuni. Their culture we should not wipe off the slate of the American continent, as the officials at Washington seem bent upon doing.

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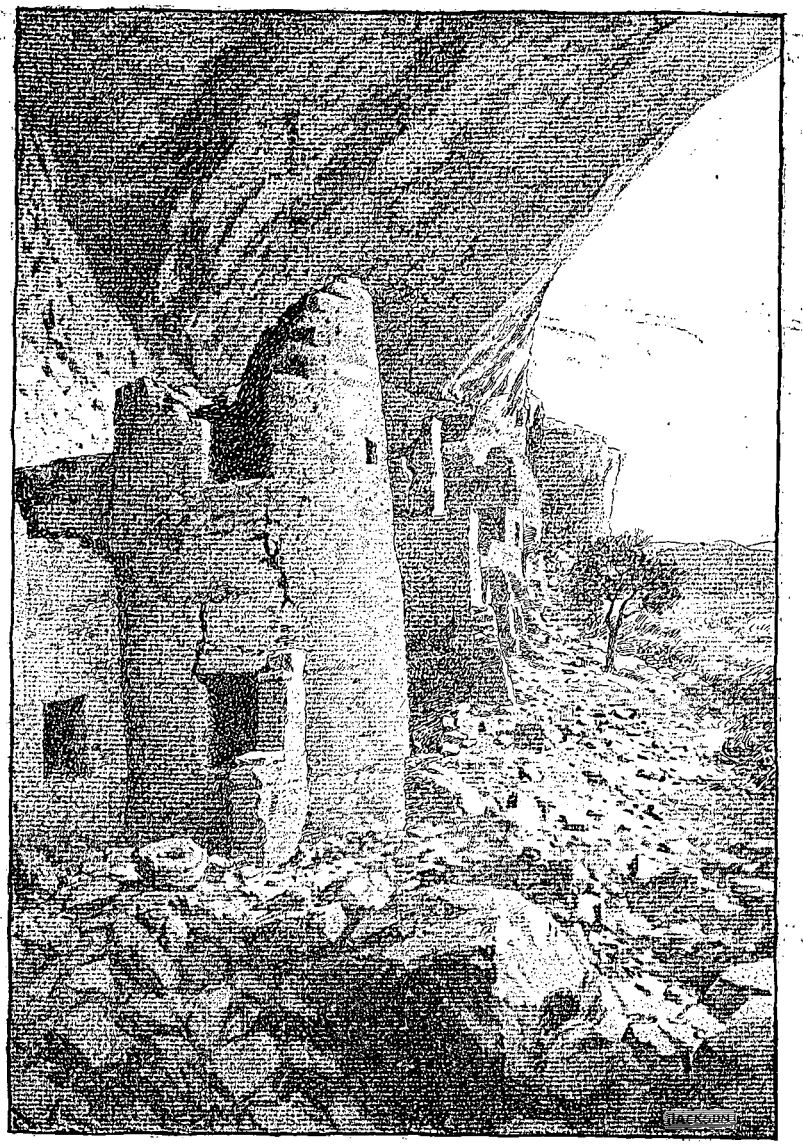

Drawings by courtesy of The Century Co. from Mary Austins' forthcoming book, The Land of Journey's Ending

Cliff dwellings, Pueblo Bonita. What these Dead Cities died of unless it were the pride of cities, there is not even a tradition

gather and hold the evanescent rains. At Luna near one of these ancient village sites there is an oval dancing ring whose bowl would seat an audience of several hundred, and at the burial places the archeologist's spade turns up the little three cornered fireplaces of baked clay, having supports for cooking pots, and the food bowls set for the comforting of souls still lingering about the unfinished paths of our lives.

Not much else is known of the Pit House people except that they lived chiefly on seeds and small game, their bow being light, so that more than likely, as Papago boys are still taught to do, they ran down the deer and caught it with their naked hands. Beyond that, stands out, against all we traditionally believe about primitive peoples, the fact that nowhere in the vast undefended *abras* which they chose for their village sites, or in the flat roofed houses, and the open sided *ramadas* which the southland taught them to build between the pits, is there the hint of a human enemy. As naked, as unalarmed as flocks of migrating birds, as unplunderable, they moved or settled, following their food, and that delicately registering feeling for themselves as a part of the conscious life of the universe, which informs all the Amerind's ways.

IT was while they were in the Pit House period that Our Ancients passed from the use of pinched coiled ware, to surfaced pottery, painted black on white, and from the hole-in-the-floor hearth to the baked clay fireplace with its rude chimney staggering up the wall. Toward the end of that period they ceased from being gatherers of wild sown seeds, and became, as among the still wandering and predatory tribes we find corn planters referred to, "people of the seed."

But before the corn culture, moving northward by successive contacts, had reached our own Ancients it had become a triad "tied by the lightening," corn and the great white bean, and the calabasa, mother of all the squash and pumpkin kind, brown bean and pinto, dent corn, pop corn, round and pointed grain, melons and two or three varieties of the thin shelled squashes that are to be seen drying in strings and quarters from the twigs of a dry tree beside the Pueblo door. With the corn came rites and ceremonies, festivals of seed time and harvest; also new sorts of pots for cooking it, new methods of storage. So that the adoption of the corn complex may well have been the intensive turn by which what we know as the Pit House culture became the culture of the Small House period.

MAN is an animal of only moderate susceptibility to new tricks. Who knows how many centuries he wandered looking for his Middle Place of the World before the hot sun instructed him to abandon his Pit Houses, heritage of the Mist Encompassed Place, for walls of woven boughs standing upright on the earth? Against the hot wind heavy with biting dust, he daubed the wattle with mud, and in that fashion houses are still built in Papagueria. The need of protecting his corn led him to thicken the mud walls until, hardened by the sun, no burrowing thief could find the six colored ears, and no changes of temperature affect their food values. Further north, where heavier snows and longer cold rendered the Jacale impracticable, Pit Houses were walled round with cobbles plastered with clay. Having continued the line of clay-firmed stone a little above the level of the ground, the Pit House Builder laid his beams flat across it, and evolved the bonded and cemented wall.

For all these processes the corn was a great quickener.

Tribes multiplied on the *potreros* of the San Juan and the Rio Grande and in the valleys of the Mimbres, the Gila and the Salada.

Walking there, one of these wide open summer days, when there comes a sudden silence, and in the midst of the silence a stir, look where you walk. If your feet stumble in a round depression to the north of which you discover squarish, low mounds of reddish rock, if beyond the margin of shallow basins you observe windrows of loose stones pitched out from between the hills of corn long before the place was taken by three hundred year old pines, know that you are in the country of the Small House people.

Look first for the house mound, which was roughly rectangular, of from one to three rooms, facing south, with

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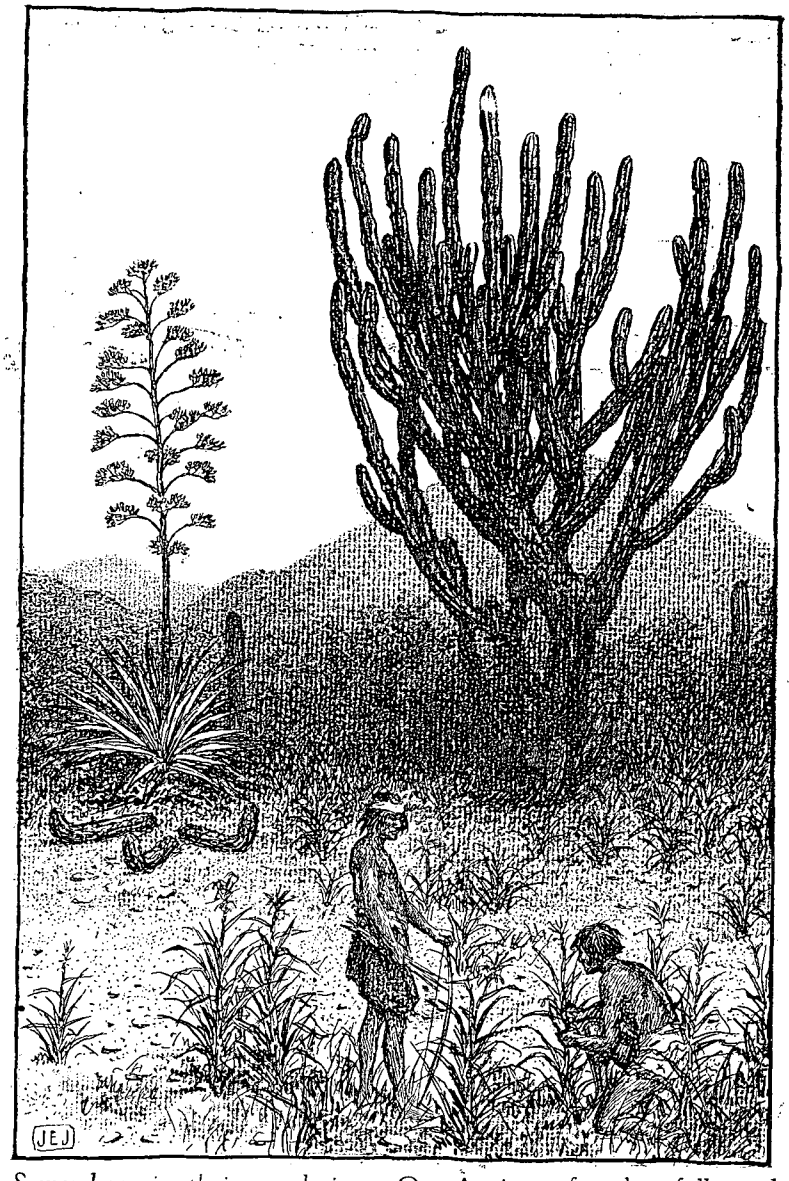
wing shelters extended from the end walls sometimes wholly enclosing the *placita* where most of the domestic life went on; the doorless, flat topped rooms being used chiefly for refuge and for storage.

South of the small house, but connected with it by a subterranean passage, lay the *kiva,* the ancient Pit House, preserved for all sacred and ceremonial use. In the oldest Southwestern tongue, *ki* meant simply house, and our dark skinned Ancients clung as tenaciously as we do ourselves to the form of whatever connected them with the Allness and the occasions by which they kept themselves in touch with it. As if they should lose the precious essence if the shape of the cup were changed. In any of the Rio Grande pueblos you may still discover this round, sunken, ceremonial chamber. At Taos there are seven of them sunk probably to the original level of Pit Houses. Further south as at Santo Domingo and Cochití they stand almost on the top of the ground. At Picurís they are so completely subterranean that it is only by the ladder protruding from the hatchway that they can be located. Everywhere, by the symbolic *Sipapu,* Doorway of the Underworld, by the niche for the sacred meal bowl and the stepped altar they are connected in an unbroken chain with the ruined ceremonial pits of the Small House people.



Somewhere in their wanderings, Our Ancients found a full-eared grain from which corn afterward developed

BY the great water gaps that lead from the San Juan country to the Rio Grande, the tribes came through.

The great game animals came that way also, of whose movements in determining the flow of human cultures we do not make enough. The elk, of which there is scarcely a trace in the Pit House period, in the Small House era made the pastures black with moving herds. Mule deer and white-tail, within our present memory, kept their ancient trails by Wolf Creek pass, from the summer pasture of the Rockies down the San Juan plateau. The tribes followed the herds, the herds followed the pastures, and the pastures were under the protection of *Awanyu,* the plumed serpent, guardian of the water sources. According to the Tewa, the Small House people, except for a few fragmentary clans that were absorbed into later cultures, vanished from the earth because they lost the favor of Awanyu, who in disdain flung himself high across the heavens and made the Milky Way. Thus the Tewa account for the gradual narrowing of the zone of frequent rains under the great Wind River of the Rio Grande.

And if the guardian of the six great springs of the world was not more favorable to the tribes in the Small House era, how account at all for the thousands of ruins that on the Paharitan Plateau, the remnant of that blanket of volcanic tuff that once covered the country between Peña Blanca and the shattered bulk of Abiqui, made a distant culture, distingiushed for an irridescent pottery glaze, long lost to the remaining tribes. Over in the Rio Puerco district, where the light refracted from red and purple earths, strikes sleepily on the sense with the effect of perpetual afternoon, and the rim rock gathers into domed heads and castled tops, a hundred villages clustered under the Mesita de la Tapia, where now the sheep herder seeks, and does not always find, one solitary spring.

Along the ancient highways, such as the Chama, leading from the Mesa Verde and San Juan levels to the Rio Grande, the Small House people left their most interesting remains. Here at the *entrada* of the Gallinas into the Chama, what was once sea bottom is thrust up, sea gray, and with a green scum of one-leaved pines, wind sculptured and worn down to a pale, fertile dust in which the sage, the coral penstemon and the blue lupin usurp the long abandoned fields. The ruins are clustered on the terraced tops of the mesas between the rivers, and look south to the blue wall of Jemez and the great World Shrine, southern boundary of the Tewa world. Here because the material easiest to the builder's hand was flat broken rock, it is still possible to trace the movement of the tribesman's mind, as he built up his house from a grass thatched hole in the ground to three-storied stone towers. Curious and revealing motions! The Pit House, to judge from the best preserved examples, with a thousand year's experience behind it was as beautifully perfected as a bee's cell, but the first

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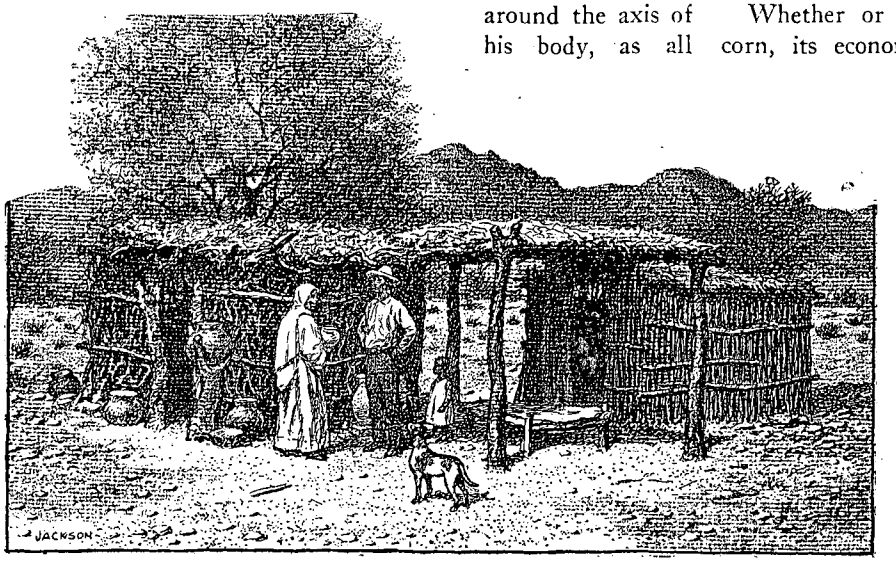
upright stone wall was a child's heap, having nothing but its heap to keep it standing.

Slowly the wall thinned, as the feel of the stone taught the builder balance and precision, until, long before it was firmed by clay or surfaced by the stone adze, it was practically wind proof. Building clumsily around the axis of his body, as all wild things build, but not with their beautiful perfection, man finally squared his house to his cedar beams, so that on these same Small House sites in unbroken progressions, arose, out of the roundish, stone heaped den, the sharp cornered watch tower of an organized society.



Nowhere in the vast undefended abras which they chose for their village sites, or in the flat-roofed houses, and the open-sided ramadas which the southland taught them to build between the pits, is there the hint of a human enemy

Along the Chama, round and squarish towers seem to have been used for communication by smoke signals and beacon fires. They rise in sight of one another, from point to vantage point, here thrust up on a detached boulder, or set on some dizzy ledge from which the waving flag of smoke could be descried, calling to council or advising of the movement of the wild herds. If they were used for defense it would have been only toward the end of the Small House period. Nowhere on the Pajaritan Plateau, where the ruins indicate a settlement almost as populous as the present valley of the Rio Grande is there any trace of fortification or defensive preparation. Whatever fear walked in the trails of the Small House people or slept in their huts, it was not the fear of human kind.

BEFORE he built his dwelling the Small House clansman dug himself a safe secret pit from which his thoughts could revert to the Unseen and mingle with it.

Or walking apart, in dark cañons, or on such high and lonely places as the Powers have immemorially visited, he brooded inwardly and built out patterns with the stones, altar heaps and enclosures as children do with bright pebbles and fragments of a broken dish, wherein he laid some lovely, valued thing in thanks or propitiation. All about the Small House country you find such shrines, miniature Stonehenges, Jacob's pillars, white shell beads and sacred prayer plumes. Coming up out of their kivas, for the ceremony of the Swift-Coming Rain, their young men blew down of eagle's feathers skyward, or tied it in their hair to make themselves light for the races. Over all their pottery, black on gray, or black on red, prevailed throughout the Small House period, patterns of the plumed serpent, the earth altar and the two-turned whorl of Being.

Whether or not the Small House Period began with corn, its economic and social and religious life revolved around it, for any people that lives by corn becomes land-servant of all its ways. Corn is a town builder, a maker of policies, mother of inventions.

Once the Small House clans began to coalesce, the determining factor in the fashion of town building was the clan system, by which descent is reckoned from the mother's side. Not only was she the food divider, but the house holder. Whether it was so from the first that the women were the builders, it is not now possible to say, or whether women ever worked in stone there is no evidence. But as far back as the plastic adobe clay became the medium of construction, excavators are perpetually turning up fine, feminine finger marks, and the modulation of small shallow palms. You can see today, in any Pueblo before the fiesta, the house mothers patting new plaster on the walls, and painting them with *yeso* until, between blue shadow and refracted sun, they take on the pure luster of pearl. Probably then as now, the husbands of one house cluster went together to cut the beams, days distant, carrying them home on their shoulders and lifting them into place, but the house, however fashioned, was the housemother's. Seldom her daughters left her, but brought husbands home, and built on another room and another, until the clustered house heap took on that pyramidal form you may observe at Zuñi or Taos, or was strung roof to roof in windrows as at Santa Domingo, or joined in a continuous square as at San Felipe or San Juan. So much more in the days of our Ancients, was the house the woman's domain, that the persistance of the *kiva*, its size and the numbers of them noted in relation to the house-heaps, was partly owed to the inborn necessity of husbands to have some place they could call their own. If men left women out of politics and the church, when they invented them, it was very largely because the women shortsightedly failed to provide any place in the home where such instinctive male activities could go on, for women in the stone age had as poor an opinion as we have, of the things men do when they get together alone.

A village in the time of Our Ancients, was a group of unit houses, more or less scattered, having usually, but not necessarily, one speech, and a common esoteric or defensive function. The unit was the mother hive, which might include several married pairs, with their children, with its *kiva* called by the name of its chief man.

Toward the latter end of the Small House period populations multiplied and villages grew into towns. Clan house touched clan house until the rows of conjoined dwellings having their *kivas* to the south, took on the forms

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that characterize the present pueblos of Hopi and Acoma.

Of the influences that determined the local type of town building there were two that were fairly constant. One was the gradual withdrawal of the rains over all the mesa country, and the other was the appearance, in successive waves of migration, of that notable stirrer up of man's activities, the enemy.

It seems likely that the migration that came to rest in the Great House and Pueblo cultures were peace loving and sedentary by nature. By the time they had bins and treasuries of corn, great jars of pounded meal sunk in their floors, stone cisterns full of beans and melons kept sweet under heaps of sand, they became plunderable. In due course there appeared for the plundering, nomadic and predatory tribes, Ute, Apache, Navajo.

IT was the nature of the country to which Our Ancients had come, in migrations not far separated in point of time, speaking at least four languages, but having a common origin legend and a common recognition of this Southwest as their Middle Place, that there was no easy way out of it.

Within their natural boundaries the Pueblo tribes settled or shifted, following their food, and from successive tarryings they swarmed. But by the end of the Small House period the trails of the various linguistic groups had become inextricably confused, issuing at intervals clear and well defined, and lost again like the track of desert creatures in the sand.

Where it issues at its most engaging is in the cliffs and caves of the San Juan drainage, and the Little Colorado. Not, however, as a phase of cultural evolution, but as a mere matter of convenience. There was no Cliff-Dwelling age, but an easy adaptation to local advantages. Why dig a hole when there is a hole in a wall alredy dug for you? But because there is no important cliff dwelling without traces of corn culture, I am disposed to think it was the superiority of the inaccessible, solid-smooth rooms as storage vaults that led to their long continued use as homes. Every now and then the archeologist uncovers a wall *cache* of shelled corn, forgotten as long ago as the time an English king tended cakes in a cow-herd's hut.

In the north there seems to have been a Small House period of cave dwelling, and a Tower House period after an interval in which the squash and beans and corn. Out of a cliff house in Utah, seed was taken of a distinct species, true Ancient of our tropical variety, and named *aboriginenum,* but how far it was from its native home there is no discovering.

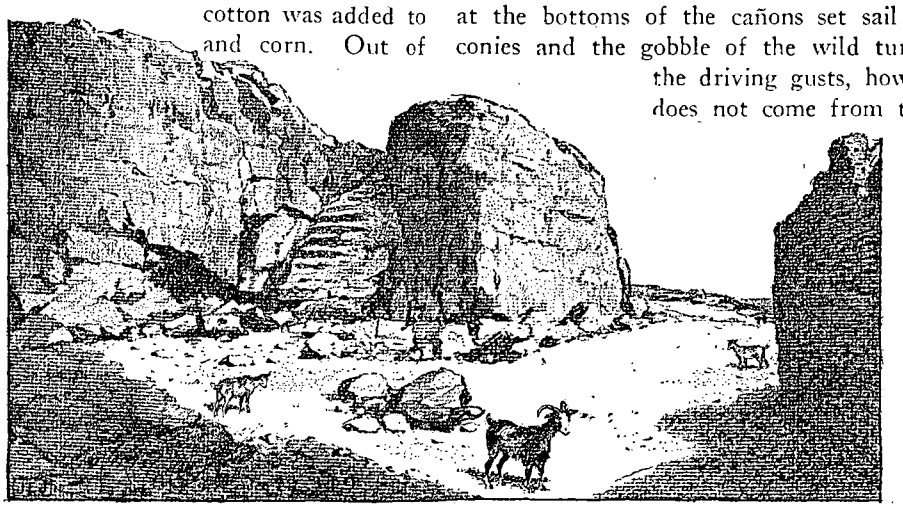
Besides convenience there must have been an immense appeal of the cliff dwellings for their highness, the unstinted reach of vision, the sense of cuddling safety against the mother rock. How far from these eyries, when the snow lay lightly as cloud on the junipers, they could trace the movement of the herds of elk and antelope. How comfortably they must have snuggled together around the three cornered fireplaces, when the torrent of the rain came falling like a silver curtain between them and the world, or the wolfish wind howled and scraped against the retaining wall!

It is more than likely that the same people moved in and out of their cave homes, as need or wishing drove them. At the *Rita de los Firjoles,* which is to say Bean Creek, the Keres who came into that shut valley with a well developed craft of stone working, preferred the cavate lodges, which at a later period they abandoned for the round, terraced pueblo, built up out of whole earth. And just as the Small House people clung to the sacred pits, so the town builders reverted to cave and crevice for their ceremonial chambers.

That was after the towns grew too large for the caves to hold, or after the enemy who might have driven them there had been vanquished or absorbed. Squeezed into the great cave of the Mesa Verde country there are towns that were able to afford streets, little plazas set about with public ovens, space between the cave and the house walls for the turkeys, rooms for milling and for meditation.

But it is difficult to write this period into any scheme of tribal evolution, there is such magic thrown over it by the wild splendor of the many colored cliffs from which the squared tops and ruined towers of the cliff villages peer down,—eagles mewing about the perilous footholds, great trees rooting where once the slender ladders clung. You walk in one of the winding canyons of Southern Utah or Colorado, threaded by a bright stream, half smothered in choke-cherry and cottonwood, where suddenly high and inaccessible, the sun picks out the little windows in the cañon walls, amid the smoke blue shadows, and you brush your eyes once or twice to make sure you do not see half naked men, deer and antelope laden, climbing up the banded cliffs, and sleek haired women, bright with such colors as they knew how to wring out of herbs and berries, popping in and out of the T-shaped openings like paroqueets.

Clear October afternoons when the fleets of aspen gold at the bottoms of the cañons set sail for the ruined balconies and the gobble of the wild turkey sounds between the driving gusts, how can you be sure it does not come from the penned space behind the broken walls, how distinguish between the beat of your horse's hooves and the *plump, plump* of the mealing stones, or the roll of the medicine drums from the *kivas*?



Midway of the Cliff, or bent about the blind, rain-blackened head of the cañon, the ruined towers beckon out of cavernous blueness

Even more charged with the enchantment of mystery seem the

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cliff dwellings when you come upon them from above. Walking the level *mesas* between scant pines and silver dusted sage, you observe scarcely any human trace recognizable to the unpracticed eye. Here a low, squarish mound of surface stones shows where the Watchers of the Corn set up their towers, there a painted potshard kicked up from some stone rimmed area of wind sifted ash, mute evidence of a tender concern, marks for the knowing the place of incineration. Insensibly your feet stumble into the shallows of some ancient trail, and then suddenly the ground opens before you into a deep, many colored rift, murmurous with the ripple of a sunken stream, and the wind ruffled aspens. Midway of the cliff, or bent about the blind, rain blackened head of the cañon, the ruined towers beckon out of cavernous blueness. There must have been always this quality of enticement about these nested villages, even for the builders of them, so that you can well understand how, long after they were pulled by tribal necessities up over the cliff top to the building of walled towns, they returned to their sacred ceremonial cave as obstinately as the English return to Gothic for their religious architecture.

But for all their color of romance they remained simple and not over populous agricultural villages, so that if I wanted a marker for the age that built them I would not take it from the caves, but from a feature of their architecture that arose toward the end of the Small House period, out of the inner necessity of a tribal mind that was, at its profoundest, Oriental. All over the well timbered *mesas* of the McElmo, Pagose-Piedra and the upper Chama there arose a series of singular structures whose architectural evolution can still be traced, defining the period that produced them as the time of Towered Towns. They began before Our Ancients were fairly out of the cobblestone pits, and they do not disappear until the towns themselves have absorbed them, stretching up into seven-storied heights from whose tops the voice of the *Cacique* could be heard waking the village to its morning life.

FROM Hovenweep and Surouaro and Holly Cañon they spring. Round towers and square towers, towers squared on the sides and rounded on the corners, towers like Stronghold House thrust up on pinacles of native rock, round towers at the outer corners of Great Houses as at Hovenweep, twin towers, set up over a cliff house, towers on the Mancos above cavate lodges, towers in the cliff villages at Far View and Spruce Tree Houses. The towers, I insist, grew out of an inner necessity of the tribes, that strange necessity of man to be responsible for his fellow man, of which the dawn impulse lies in the mind of the herd and the flock. Still in that region the leader of the browsing goats climbs up the boulder, on which the *cacique* of the Small House peoples sheltered his outlook with a round of heaped stone. But it was not for the enemy that he watched oftenest, if at all. He watched the game, antelope flashing their white rumps or scudding in great bands like cloud shadows across the grass *mesas,* blacktail trooping the shallow draws; but chiefly he watched the corn. He watched the crows settling over the young shoots, and between the glint of their wings he sent the glint of arrows and the twang of the bowstring, deeper than their quarrelling caws. Many a mid-morning from his tower the voice of the watcher scattered the young men for turning aside the hooves of the mule deer, moving stealthily between the unfenced rows, ruining with selective bites the finest milky ears. No doubt he watched the sun and the stars, with whose orientation the times of his feasts were determined, and the lines of his ceremonial chambers set. But of all the necessities served by the Tower Houses, the keenest was the need of communication. From the the tops of the towers went up smoke signals to the fartest confederated villages, but chiefly morning and evening *Cacique* or *Pregonero* cried prayers and the day's directions for a community that was always more communistic than anything of which we moderns have experience.

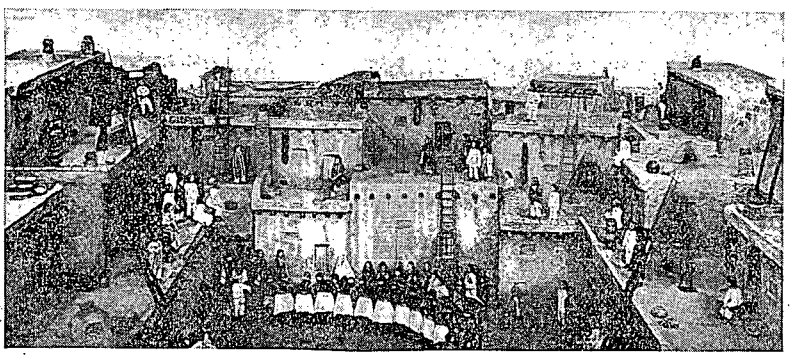
The line at which our ancients crossed over from snuggling themselves into the environment as the wild hive into a hollow tree, and began to control it, is the line of the *acequia madre.* When a crop can flourish handsomely on the run-off of natural watersheds, a family may subsist satisfactorily by itself. But when a river is to be diverted in its course to irrigate the fields, then by the same tie that they bind the river to the service of the corn, men bind themselves to the indivisible utility. Rain falls on radical and conservative alike, but the mother ditch makes communits of them all. That is, it makes for cooperative effort with psychological implications to which the term communism, is a clumsy, crablike approach.

At the end of the Towered Town period, the homes of our Ancients in the land of their journey's ending, were mere clusters of more or less related, farmer groups, as slightly coordinated in respect to their civic functions as any pioneer crossroads, a state of things that we do as much as possible to disguise by calling their remains cliff cities, cliff palaces, Montezuma's castle and the like meaningless, falsely romantic terms.

Near where the chief man lived was kept the seed corn, near the chief priest the repository of the tribal fetishes, and to these resorted the priest of the fraternal orders, rain makers, priests of the bow, priests of the society of the smutless corn, whoever had a rite potent for any of the exigencies of Amerind life.

Where the chief men lived there was a tower of communication and a council chamber. When to these things pressure from alien tribes had

(*Continued on page* 59)



Courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation

The modern pueblo as it is today—a miniature reproduction modelled for the museum by William C. Orchard

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How They Make Good

By MIRIAM VAN WATERS

*HOW are folks made over? How are child delinquents, in puzzled or angry conflict with their world, won back to normal relationships? There is no more fascinating question in the field of human progress, and none, perhaps, which is harder to answer exactly. Some of the "making good" is due to the spontaneous effort of the personality to right itself, we say a boy grows out of his badness. Some of it seems to be due to such processes as those described here—processes of incredible delicacy which we use as yet with fumbling uncertainty, and which nevertheless produce, in the hands of workers like Dr. Van Waters on her referee's bench in the Los Angeles Juvenile Court, results which may fairly be called miraculous.**

DELINQUENCY is a way of responding to the human situation. It involves the whole being—heredity, physical make-up, intelligence, habits of emotional response, life history, interaction with other human beings and with nature. We no longer "explain" delinquency by reference to any one part of the child's being or environment. It is the total situation, the entire stream which must be studied. That a boy who stole oranges, went to court and was "punished" by having his adenoids removed, is a joke frequently heard; modern court workers believe in restoring the child to the best possible health condition, to remove or alleviate physical handicaps, but they do not believe that bodily defects are a *cause* of delinquency; or that feeblemindedness, or psychopathic personality are *causes*. These conditions frequently accompany delinquency, but they explain nothing until the entire individual is understood as a living being in process of adjusting itself to the outside world. What we term delinquency is in reality maladjustment, or conflict. (But use of these terms also is a mere matter of convenience; the description of results which have obscurely taken place.)

As we study juvenile delinquency more, we are inclined to believe that success is in inverse ratio to age. The longer these processes of conflict in the child—with parents, school and community—have gone on, the deeper the hurt, the more tenacious the habits of defense. What we learn of capacity for suffering in very young children teaches us that they are injured far more than perhaps we understand in homes, schools and neighborhoods that neglect, misuse, or fail to love or to discipline adequately. Damage may be irreparable. As we grow wiser in treatment, perhaps the best service social workers can render will be to insist, *Do not permit delinquency to occur: prevent at all costs the young child from entering this conflict. The cost is too great!*

This would mean a radical readjustment of public opinion. Certain homes we now break up would be subsidized by the state; certain very respectable homes, undoubtedly, would have to be smashed for the good of children. Some parents would be locked up for life, many schools put out of commission, innumerable new institutions built to house trouble-makers, and many present inmates of institutions taken out.

Failing this, it is doubtful if any method of treatment has yet been evolved for delinquents that will make any individual at all times industrious, respectful, unselfish, punctual, scrupulously honest and chaste, grateful and obedient to those in charge of him. The test of success is whether the individual is normally adjusted. Can he carry on work, play and human relationships so that the community will not be injured by him? Can he approximate the average level of neighborhood conduct? On this basis we need hesitate no longer to affirm that the young delinquent can frequently attain, under favorable conditions, satisfactory adjustment in the community.

How does this adjustment come about? It is convenient to name four stages in the process of "making good": insight, transference, development of personality (growth of skill, clear ideas of new behavior-goals, and the *wish* for social esteem), development of new relationships.

I.

THE terms *insight* and *transference* are borrowed from psychiatry. The social worker uses them in no technical sense. They express what takes place after successful case-analysis. Insight is used by psychiatrists to denote the stage when the patient understands the significant causes of his emotional and mental disturbance, and faces himself consciously as a problem. The social worker must aid the delinquent to face himself. To assist the delinquent to gain insight, the social worker does not proceed on any special theory, or use any special technique. The child's condition, physical and mental, will be diagonised by expert medical and psychological service. If possible study by a psychiatrist should be made: even in "normal" individuals, delinquency involves emotional conflict. The case-study, as understood by social workers, should be thorough. No stone should be left unturned to find out all there is to be known about that child's companions, love-objects, home, school, work, church, and neighborhood experiences. When the child runs away, for example, it should be known in advance to whom he is most likely to turn for aid and comfort, what personalities or obstacles he is seeking to evade. In case-study the emphasis

* This article is based on a chapter in Dr. Van Water's book, Youth in Conflict, announced for early publication by the New Republic Publishing Co.

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should be on the *child as experiencing*. The social worker must study the case until it is clear; that is to say, until motives for the young delinquent's conduct have touched the social worker's imagination, and he can personally comprehend the delinquency. True understanding, or insight, must come to adult before it can come to child.

There are children whose mentality, or emotional make-up, is such that they cannot take an objective view of conduct, hence cannot see themselves as problems, or arrive at *insight*. But the process is at work when a child begins to ask himself: "Why did I do that? Why did I *wish* to do it? Exactly what did I want to get by it? Am I sorry? Would I rather have peace and security, the good opinion of 'good' people, or would I do this forbidden thing over again?"

These questions will be put by the social worker into the mind of the delinquent, at first without reference to moral good or evil. Gradually the nature of the child's cravings will be discovered. In girls and boys these cravings are not usually so complex, or so foreign to average humanity, that they cannot readily be understood. Where embarrassment, shame or rebellion exist, or where the child shows the danger-signal of the shut-in personality, it will be necessary to turn again to psychologist or psychiatrist. To the normal child, under guidance of the experienced social worker, insight into motives comes gradually, almost without effort.

VIVIAN was thirteen years old. She was an attractive girl with average intelligence. When brought before the Juvenile Court she had been riding in automobiles with men late at night, and occasionally drinking liquor. Her real difficulty, however, was ungovernable temper. She had been a child prodigy, dancing on the professional stage for seven or eight years previous. Although attractive to men and prematurely exposed to masculine attention, she had never yielded to a lover. Once before going on with her act she had fancied that some older girl was to be preferred in the scene; she attacked this girl, and set fire to the wings of the theatre. On being placed in a private school by her mother, she tried to burn it down. When expelled, she went to live in a hotel with her mother; so frequent were tantrums, screaming, tearing of clothes, smashing furniture, that her mother was asked by landlords and police to move from place to place. Her parents were divorced. Her father was a cruel, domineering man, her mother of cold temperament, devoted to finery, to pleasures of living in comfortable surroundings. Vivian had never known family affection, or normal play. Her possession of physical charm had been used by her mother, first to gain admiration and pleasure for herself in "owning such an attractive daughter," later to earn a living for both on the professional stage.

After two years of treatment in a private school where the routine is simple and the muscular outlets vigorous, the tantrums have almost disappeared, and with them all desire for excitements of the theatre, which, to tell the truth, never appealed to her. She is content to romp and study like any youngster of fifteen.

Vivian did not know why she had temper tantrums and impulses to burn buildings. When she saw that these displays were an attempt to gain notice and affection from her mother, and realized that her mother could not be induced to change her life for her child, she cooperated in a plan of schoolwork which resulted in normal conduct.

INSIGHT is known by behavior. There is no embarrassment; the child talks freely. There is no obstacle in flow of confidence from child to social worker. There is relief in this attitude. The child usually shows enthusiasm for "beginning over again," for "taking another chance," and is more vital in responses, as if some new source of energy had been tapped. For sensitive children this is the golden period for reconstructive treatment.

Social workers recognize the danger of entering upon a program of treatment before cooperation is secured. Co-operation depends, not only on "confidence" but upon the degree of insight which the child has reached. Emergency care, such as court hearings, detention home, temporary boarding home placement, hospital treatment, or "probation," of a sort which aims at mere suppression of another outbreak, may be necessary pending social diagnosis. No final plan of social treatment of delinquency should be undertaken until insight has arrived.

The social worker need not enter the field of scientific discussion as to what has taken place. One school will explain that what has previously been unconsciously motivated has now been raised from the unconscious to the conscious. The fact that the child feels relief, is ready to cooperate, or as in cases cited by Freud, is cured of disease, is explained as due to the so-called therapeutic function of consciousness. What concerns the social worker is that something has happened which adds to capacity and appreciation for social values. This sharing of his difficulties, without condemnation by another personality who appears to the child wise, simple and good, is apparently the force which robs the experience of its power to isolate and to damage the child's spirit. The delinquency expresses conflict: there is no loneliness more isolating than that of the delinquent child whose cravings and whose wish for adult approval and support are at war. Whether this takes the form of feeling inferiority, or appears as rebellion, or depredation, makes no essential difference: the result is isolation. The social worker who, in comprehending the child's motives, makes him realize their universal human values, has "cured" isolation.

When a boy steals a bicycle and runs away, he may tell his probation officer where he put it, what make it was, how he took it apart and hid the pieces beneath the porch; how he lied to his parents, how he outwitted its owner. All this is a mere "confession" and reveals nothing except that the probation officer has secured his "confidence." When this boy can tell his probation officer that he thinks his parents do not love him, that he is jealous of his older brother who succeeds in school, that in some mysterious way he felt a thrill of relief in stealing and running away, the basis for insight has been secured. If, then, he becomes aware that jealousy and yearning are not uncommon, that the objects of his affection will treat him better if he gives up the struggle and seeks supremacy in athletics, or some field where he can excel, his energy has been set free.

II.

TRANSFERENCE is another stage in process of making good. The case-study has revealed the persons and things which arouse the child's warm interest and affection. The love-object may be harmful, unattainable, or anti-social.

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It is the social worker's function to assist the child in fixing attention to some love-object that will not destroy him. This transference may be to a parent, relative, teacher or companion; to some animal pet, or hobby; to the social worker.

There is nothing esoteric about this process. It is natural that the child's warmth and glow of new self-confidence, his discovery of an understanding personality, will express itself in affection. This is the explanation of those "crushes" and sentimental attachments that are seen in all schools and institutions. If the social worker does not absorb this energy, or permit the child to become emotionally dependent, transference to himself may be beneficial. The social worker then becomes the wise counsellor, one who provides vivid contacts with reality, who points out healthy channels of energy and expression. If the social worker is selfish, or unenlightened, if his personality is not, in reality, beyond that of the child, there will be waste, or even moral collapse. The adult who ignorantly appropriates the child's affection, and interprets this access of courage, gaiety, enthusiasm and vigor, as something caused personally by himself, is committing a serious mistake, if not something worse. Often the transference will be assisted by the social worker to attach itself to some member of the home-circle.

THIS occurred in the case of Elizabeth. She was a girl of fourteen with an intelligence quotient of 108. Her father was a migratory cook, rancher and loafer. When the girl was six her parents were divorced, Elizabeth going with her mother who worked as waitress and chamber-maid in lumber towns. Elizabeth became troublesome and was placed by her mother, at the age of eight, in a state correctional school where she was "forgotten" for four years. The father had moved to another state and married a woman on parole from a hospital for the insane; Elizabeth's mother had disappeared. In sorting out inmates of the state school Elizabeth was "discovered" by the authorities and shipped to her father.

She was now twelve. For two years she lived in her father's home with her aged grand-mother and insane step-mother. She became delinquent with boys: aided by her grandmother's religious ideas and her own contact with members of a new cult, she developed a psychosis. She had alternating periods of depression in which she fancied herself the worst of sinners, and periods of grandeur in which she claimed to be the wife of a famous moving picture hero. Placed by the court in an opportunity school for girls her conduct was so bad that she was expelled. She reverted to the habits of a child of three. In matters of personal hygiene she became a nuisance, soiling and wetting her clothing, and refusing to bathe.

Elizabeth was placed under observation in the detention home and a thorough study was made. She improved, gained the wish to do better; her intelligence facilitated the process of insight. After three months her father's sister arrived. This aunt was a simple, kindly, maternal woman who refused to believe her niece "abnormal." She maintained that Elizabeth was a normal girl who had never been "given a chance." She insisted on taking her home. Elizabeth developed affection for her aunt, and has remained for over a year without delinquency or lapses of personal hygiene.

III.

ANOTHER stage in restoring the delinquent is development of personality through acquisition of new skill and activities. The story of Mildred under supervision of the Bureau of Child Guidance (see The Survey, February 15, 1924) sets forth the process which parallels that of many successful cases in juvenile court experience. Here the child in her own home is aided to discover skill, new ways of meeting responsibility, unexpected resources within herself. Succeeding in home tasks, school work, learning gardening, sports, arts, crafts, nature, books, music, caring for younger children and animals, earning money, doing well in employment, all tend to enrich personality by giving it power to expand and to control new fields. There need be no special talent or ability discovered; all that is essential is for the child to feel satisfaction in doing some new thing well. He derives fresh mastery, courage and tokens of adult approval.

IV.

WITH increased confidence born of new activities the young delinquent is in a better social position. He possesses the coin that wins his way. He is ready to enter new social relationships. When these are satisfactorily cemented, the adjustment is complete; the delinquent and the community can get along together.

The delinquent now fits into home or foster-home; he enters into social affairs and neighborhood groups, or if his temperament does not require social intercourse, it is sufficient that he is no longer rejected; he is reconciled to his human family.

It has been remarked by Orfa Jean Shontz (first woman referee of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court) that there is no parable of return of the prodigal daughter, yet modern work among delinquent girls shows a number of successes, all the more astonishing in face of hostile public opinion and harshness of judgment.

When the lives of these girls are studied, they must be taken whole. It is our custom to view cases in cross-sections; we over-emphasize success, and failure. In successful lives a certain amount of failure is permissible; in the lives of delinquent girls the slump is swiftly penalized. As we learn more of human conduct we will take a longer view of these apparent failures, and will not permit them to blind the community to the gradual reconstruction that is taking place.

SALLY is a girl of sixteen. She is married, has a healthy, well-cared-for baby, a ranch with chickens, pigs and goats, a pretty bungalow, an automobile, a husband with fine mustachios. When she was first brought to Juvenile Court she was twelve, a frail child with spinal curvature, twitching movements and weak heart. Her intelligence was dull average. She had temper tantrums, beat and scratched her mother who was an invalid, swore at her step-father who was blind, refused to go to school, was cruel to animals, even putting them to death, was incorrigible in three homes.

Study of this case revealed a girl with craving for dressing up and showing off; there were other symptoms of self-love and infantile desires which her mother's illness and stepfather's harshness had fostered. Placed in a twenty-four hour school, her behavior was a source of anxiety to her teachers, her profanity, temper and running away seemed to yield to no one save the superintendent, and in periods of

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jealousy this woman could not control her. She was not a success at the school, yet gained there a true picture of her home situation and herself (for several weeks she was under daily observation by the psychologist), physical restoration, knowledge of gardening and home-making, and a genuine basis for self-confidence.

Suddenly she ran away with a young man, a chance "pick-up." He kept her overnight, then took her to her parents who literally threw her out. She was again brought before the Court. Obsessed with the idea that she was to have a child, she pleaded to be allowed to go to her sister, a married girl of twenty.

In this home Sally saw happy married love for the first time in her life. She became devoted to her sister's baby, and gave up her fancies of being pregnant. There were some backslidings, but nothing catastrophic until Sally, with a final gesture of independence, ran away with a rancher whom she captivated in a single visit, as is the short-cut custom of the delinquent girl. They were married immediately.

Over fourteen months have passed. Sally is a patient, hard-working mother and wife; every trace of waywardness has vanished as if it had never been. Her devotion to child and husband and gentleness with animals can be observed daily, together with her pride in her worldly possessions. She is a normal member of her community; her past history could not be guessed by the most experienced.

In this case, in spite of the fact that the young sister could offer little supervision or wisdom of treatment, and that Sally's conduct amply justified a correctional school commitment, the Court placed her in the one situation where it was possible for her to enter normal, constructive human relationships. Her career in the average institution would probably have resulted in rioting, further delinquency, and a fixed psychopathic personality.

Girls who "make good" do not always marry. Sometimes they are quietly assimilated into their own homes; this requires the greatest skill of which the social worker is capable. Other girls form social relationships outside domestic life and appear to thrive. An increasing proportion of delinquent girls succeed in industry.

ISABEL was a tubercular girl who became delinquent with boys and on several occasions forged checks. She always dressed in the latest style and showed taste, not to win attention from men, but as necessary self-expression.

A year's study developed the fact that she was struggling for a motor and esthetic success. Three years trial and error in the community have resulted in securing a successful program. Isabel learned to operate a power machine, and became the fastest piece-work operator in the factory. She demanded higher wages, and walked out. She secured a new job at better pay. She went to night school, studied design, and perfected a new mechanical short-cut in her machine. Again she demanded more money. She was dressed in a slim tailored frock with faultless lines, a fur coat, slender satin shoes and chiffon hose.

"What do you want more money *for?*" asked the exasperated manufacturer. "You're getting more now than any girl I ever had."

"Do you think I can look the way I do on your old eighteen dollars and a half a week? You bet not, and go straight."

Isabel reached for her becoming hat. She was given twenty dollars. She attended two public dances a week, dancing until exhausted. The other nights were occupied with night school and home piece work for private customers. Strange to say her health, which had been poor, improved. There was a restless flame at work in her, but she showed no sign of biological decay. She never repeated her delinquencies with men; though on two occasions she ran up big bills in clothing stores, she ultimately paid these herself.

Isabel changed her job six times until she finally went into partnership in a silk underwear factory. She is contented. For a year she was president of a business girls' club. She has a quiet scorn of anything she considers "low" or "common;" she still goes to night school, and has as goal ownership of her own shop. To other court girls, Isabel is a constant incentive.

ONE group of girls rarely make good: those who are permanently self-satisfied, suspicious of others, willing to make trouble by carrying unpleasant remarks; girls who are unable to be frank or candid, who risk little, but use every chance opening to their own advantage; girls who flatter and imitate their probation officers and attendants, but secretly undermine authority; girls who are selfish, cool, cautious, sarcastic, and immoveably self-righteous. They make remarkable inmates of correctional schools, for they always "snitch," and are usually neat and industrious.

Too close supervision is an obstacle to permanent adjustment of delinquent girls. Constant watchfulness, ready-made plans, excessive advice, free help in time of trouble, a kind of fussy, brooding anxiety tends to make a girl on probation either helpless or rebellious. She cannot cast off her crutches. To those who know the dearth of good probation work throughout the country, this may cause a smile; but there is vast difference between slackness, ignorance, indifferent neglect, which one sees constantly among probation officers and social workers, and an intelligent, sturdy policy of faith and non-interference with natural processes of growth.

Young people must be given a chance to make decisions and to reap the *natural* (not arbitrarily imposed) consequences of their mistakes. After the process of adjustment has been soundly rooted in good case-work, the best service that can be rendered the young delinquent is to give him an opportunity for trial and error, the chance to make minor failures without being crushed . . .

Adjustments are possible, under favorable conditions, for cases previously dismissed as hopeless. With extended knowledge and real work, the number who make good can be multiplied beyond anything now demonstrated.

It must not be understood that these stages in adjustment—insight, transference, development of personality, increased social relationships—have any arbitrary sequence. They may occur almost simultaneously. In this field there are "miracles," that is, swift transformations of personality which we are too ignorant to understand, but which Christ understood very well. Mere provision of "good conditions," routine, better economic and social measures, good health, opportunities for companionship and recreation, "respectability" in the environment, are of little avail unless the central springs of the living spirit have somehow been tapped. The process is usually that of slow, natural growth; to build "moral muscle" takes time. Impatience for results may lead to disaster. Faith, tolerance, belief in life, are the chief requisites in helping young delinquents to make good.

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Health, Un-Ltd.

By GEDDES SMITH

DOES money spent for public health actually bring returns? If you raise the health officer's budget can you thereby lower the death rate? Given an honest and efficient health officer, most of us would agree unhesitatingly—especially if the question relates to someone else's money. When it is a matter of taxes in our own town, the answer is sometimes less prompt and decisive. When a city is so sure of the answer that it multiplies its health budget more than ten times in a dozen years, the evidence that health work pays must have been pretty strong. That is what Toronto has done, and as a result its general mortality rate and its infant deaths are among the lowest. In certain recent years it has held the record for the American continent on both counts.

Most of us would agree, too, that the way to build up a city's health is to have a plan and follow it, to get together and stay together in following it. That too is a proposition more honored in discussion than in the doing. When a city has actually centered its health efforts in a single-headed campaign, when a single agency organizes and directs the efforts to make and keep folks healthy from before birth till death, when public officials and private hospitals, nurses and social workers gear into each other's jobs smoothly and continuously, that city has somehow learned the lesson of coordination "for keeps." That again is what Toronto has done.

Toronto has snowballed its public health effort in the last fourteen years. The snowball has grown amazingly in bulk and momentum. It has picked up a rich variety of accretions. I hope the metaphor will stand the strain if I add that its core is an enthusiastic and warm-hearted health officer.

IN 1910, Dr. Charles J. Hastings, fifty-two years old, after twenty-odd years of practice in Toronto, was dickering for a fruit ranch in British Columbia. He had had a distinguished professional career, based on education at Toronto, London, Dublin and Edinburgh, and he was ready to retire to that agreeable stage of medical service which consists in giving one's attention to another man's patients when called in consultation and to one's own hobbies the rest of the time.

In that year Toronto was spending $79,000—27 cents per capita—on a department of health which had some seventy or seventy-five workers, including one public health nurse. The infant mortality rate of 139.2 per 1,000 live births, and the tuberculosis death rate of 130 per 100,000 inhabitants were none too good; the typhoid mortality rate of 44.2 per 100,000 inhabitants was much too high. There was a vacancy at the desk of the medical officer of health. Dr. Hastings was asked to suggest a suitable appointee. He did so, and went on with his plans for the fruit ranch. Nothing came of his suggestion at once, and presently his friends turned to him and said: "Here, you are ready to retire from private practice. You owe it to Toronto to take this job yourself."

Dr. Hastings considered. He had been interested for some years in the problems of milk supply, and had indeed, organized the first milk commission in Canada. He knew Toronto needed better milk and more aggressive health leadership. He is a man with a passion for accomplishment; his keen gray eyes under bushy white brows are those of a shrewd and determined fighter. He made his terms: the department of health was to be utterly free from politics and all varieties of political influence; on that basis he would take the office.

THE foundation of Dr. Hastings' political creed is that the politicians will do, in the long run, what they think the voters want, and no more. Without any effort to "get right" with the city councils, therefore, he began his work by going directly to the taxpayers and telling them what a department of health ought to do, what it could do, and what he was going to do if he had the money. He talked to club women, to business men, to the churches. He talked vigorously and simply, and he won their interest. He talked, too, with the editors of all Toronto's newspapers, and they put themselves squarely back of him. With one exception, they have never failed in the fourteen years since to give generous, full and accurate publication to the public announcements of the department, and you can hardly thumb through any half a dozen issues of Toronto newspapers today without finding at least a scrap of health information or advice which comes from the city department.

Given a friendly audience, the way was clear for Dr. Hastings to drive home by unescapable evidence the fact that health work pays. The most press-

Laying Hold of Health

THIS is the story of how one man with vision and a knack of getting things done, a physician turned health officer, jacked up a municipal budget and lowered the death rates in a way that carried the whole community with him. It is a story with a gleam in it, a story with meaning for any man or woman who also has a vision and a knack of getting things done, who would like to help carry conviction in his own city that these things can be done, and how. It is a story of Toronto and Dr. Charles J. Hastings.

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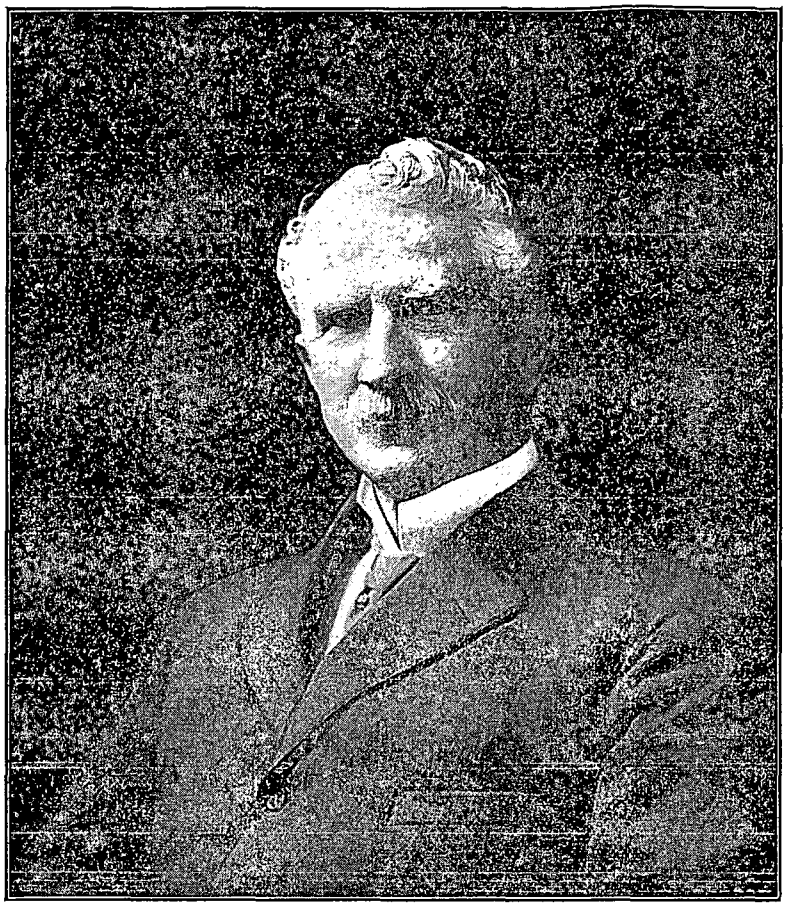

Dr. CHARLES J. HASTINGS

Who at 52 set his hand to the municipal health work of Toronto and at 60 had achieved the lowest death rate and lowest infant mortality rate in any city over 300,000 on the American continent. He did not do it alone. He had a plan and he got the people together and they stood together in following it through.

ing needs of the city were pure water and milk. Fortunately these needs also offered the best opportunity for prompt and visible returns, in falling typoid and infant mortality rates.

It was not difficult to persuade the city to provide filtration and light chlorination to purify the water supply. That was a matter entirely within city control. But it was different with milk; there were vested rights to deal with. The local dairy farmers and the distributors, it was anticipated, would resist legislation in the first place and enforcement afterward, unless they could be brought to see the need and value of regulation. Toronto's milk supply came then and still comes from a wide area—as far west, today, as Windsor and Sarnia, as far east as Kingston and beyond, as far north as the Muskoka Lakes—and the producers were not organized. The distribution of milk in the city was split between approximately 125 different concerns.

Dr. Hastings drew up his ordinance, calling for the inspection of herds and dairies, sanitary handling of milk, sterilization of utensils and pasteurization. It passed its first and second reading in the city councils. Then he learned that a large delegation of producers and dealers—representing solid business interests and not a few votes—were preparing to appear before the council at its third reading and fight it to the last ditch. He promptly invited the whole group to his office to talk the matter over. They came, a little reluctantly.

They were pretty cool to me when they came in, [he says]. Only two or three out of the roomful would even shake hands with me. But I began to cover the regulations point by point. Leaving aside the fact that milk at ordinary household temperatures is an unusually good medium for the cultivation of bacteria, I put it to them frankly that I would withdraw any section if they were honestly convinced that it involved anything more than the decent care they would give without thinking to any other article of diet that came to their own tables. I gave them all the time they wanted to ask questions and talk the thing out. When they really understood what it meant they came around—all except two or three who complained that the time allowed for getting the new apparatus was too short. They wanted three or four months. I said, "Gentlemen, I understand that you will make an honest effort to comply with the law. There will be no prosecutions for six months." That was the end of it; they all shook hands as they went out and they never put in an appearance when the council met to pass the regulations.

That is the way Dr. Hastings worked. But it was not only the dealers who needed education.

It wasn't unusual, [he adds] for me to be called up on the telephone by citizens who had spent their holidays in the country and wanted to know why the city milk had a different taste and even a different color from the country milk. We used to explain by telling the story of Nathan Straus's experiment when he first introduced certified milk at his milk depot in New York. He was told that the owner of a large dairy herd was indignant over what he had read in the papers about certified milk and was coming in to see what it was and give Mr. Straus a piece of his mind. Mr. Straus was ready for him. When he asked to taste some of that stuff they called certified milk a bottle and tumbler were placed in front of him. He drank part of the sample, and said, 'Do you call that milk? It hasn't the least taste of milk. It's some artificial preparation just as I expected. Is that all the kind of milk you handle here?' 'No,' the attendant answered, 'we have another kind.' He stepped out of sight, put three or four drops of liquid manure into another bottle, shook it well, and brought it out. The dairyman tried it, smacked his lips, and said, 'Now, that's real milk! Any fool knows the flavor of that.'

It was almost as spectacular a bit of publicity that clinched popular support for the pure milk campaign in Toronto.

When we began testing milk, Dr. Hastings says, we found that about 40 per cent of the milk sold in Toronto was watered, and on an average this watered milk had 20 per cent of water. Some samples were found in restaurants that were almost half water. We made a very careful estimate of the total amount of water in the milk supply of the city and found that in one year Toronto citizens had paid $275,000 for water when they thought they were buying milk. This was more than the whole expenditure of the health department, and the papers gave plenty of space to this evidence of what a health department could save in dollars and cents.

Meanwhile the department's inspectors were winning the

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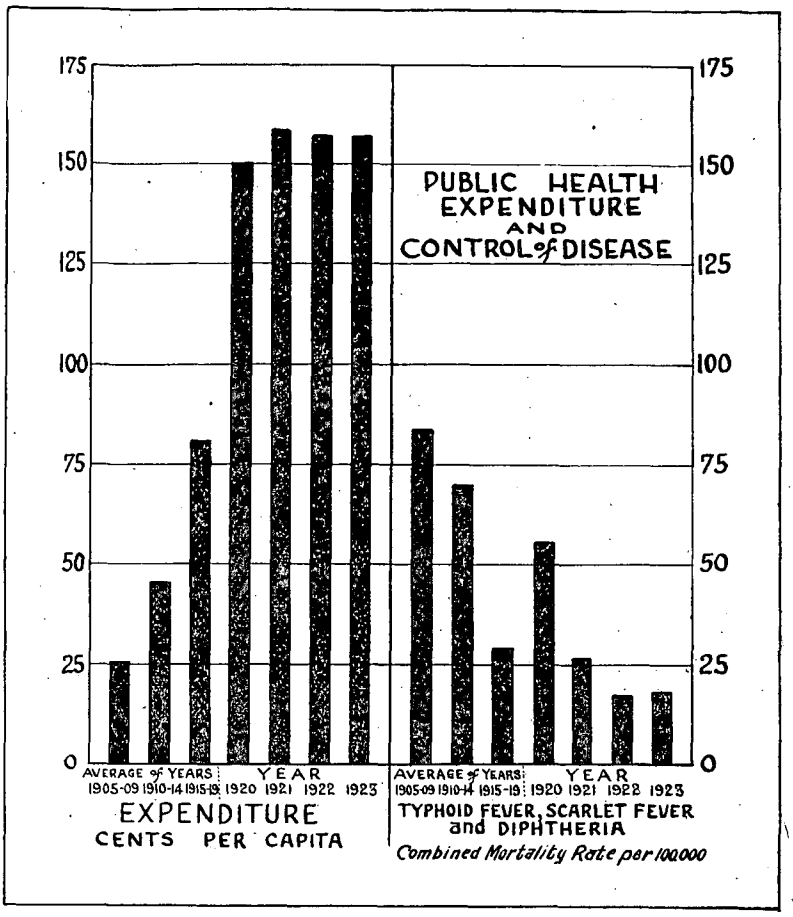
good will and confidence of the dairy farmers. The city sent out competent veterinarians to inspect dairy herds, and quietly advised them not to attend too exclusively to that particular task. If a farmer had horses and pigs as well as cows the inspector would look them all over and give him what help he could with them. Many of the producers knew little about the actual productivity of their cows. The inspectors suggested simple records which would enable them to weed out the unprofitable ones. In such ways the farmer was won as an ally of the health officer. Violations of the regulations by milk distributors became rare, and the newspapers helped to make carelessness unprofitable by reporting them fully. And the typhoid rate was cut from 44.2 in 1910 to 2.5 in 1923. Of these deaths more than half were non-residents. Meanwhile Toronto, having good milk to drink and hearing constantly of its value, drank more and more of it; the per capita consumption has risen to 0.81 pts. (Imperial) in 1923.

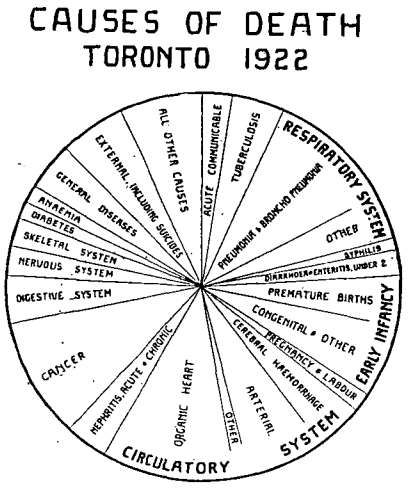


LIFE AND DEATH AND COSTS AT A GLANCE

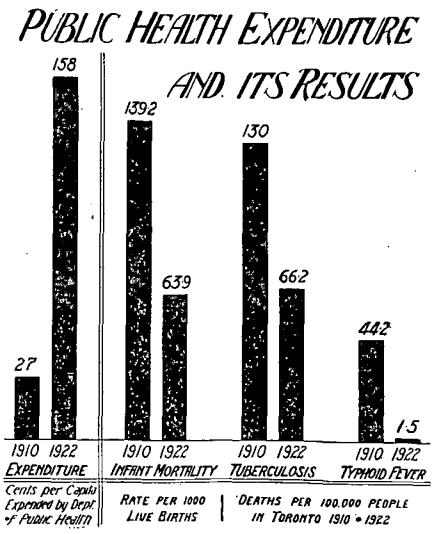
Does money spent for the public health actually bring returns? That depends on how it is spent. When a city is so sure of the answer that it multiplies its health budget over ten times in a dozen years, the evidence before it that health work pays must have been pretty strong. That is what Toronto has done.

THIS was only the opening salvo of what the newsmen came to call the Battle of Hastings. Year after year the doctor carried his balance sheet to the people and a little larger budget to the councils. It was not his way to roll up big delegations of citizens to storm the council chamber. "I wanted to fight that fight single-handed," he says. But he made sure the people knew what they were getting for their money. The one public health nurse was multiplied by forty. In 1911 a housing inspection service was begun; in its first year it had 5,000 of 18,000 existing privies replaced by sanitary plumbing. There are barely 500 left now—those in outlying unsewered sections of the city. In 1915 Toronto led the way with a division of industrial hygiene, which stressed ventilation and sanitation in workshops and tackled the problem of trade dusts and gases. The general mortality rate had been hammered down more than ten points in the first two years of the new regime, while the per capita appropriation was increased more than half. But for (*Continued on page* 58)

THE TORONTO PROGRAM



The problem



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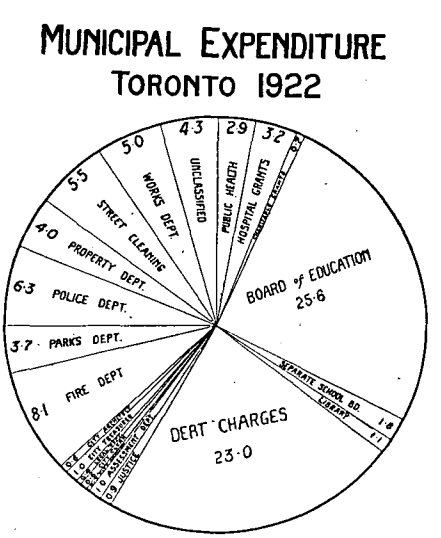

The proportion

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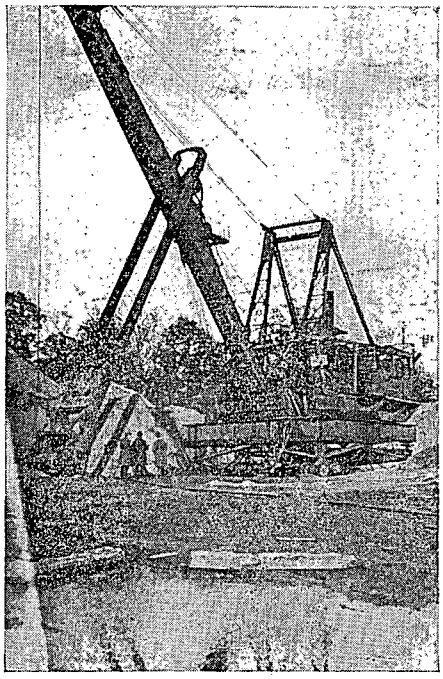
Herrin

By McALISTER COLEMAN



The big shovel at the Lester strip-mine midway between Herrin and Marion, blown up during the so-called Herrin riots of 1922

ON the twenty-ninth of August last, Rotarians from the eighth district of Illinois journeyed out to the pretty little country club of Herrin in Williamson County to participate in a golf tournament. The neighboring town of Harrisburg's team won with a low score of 459. Following this, dinner was served by the ladies of the Herrin churches and the Rotarians listened to a solo sung by Mrs. George Otey of Herrin, called "Rotarianne."

On the following day, George Galligan, sheriff of Williamson County, accompanied by deputies Bud Allison and Ora Thomas drove over from Marion, the county seat of Williamson and stopped at the garage of J. H. Smith, a klan sympathizer. Smith's garage is on a quiet side street, flanked by substantial bungalows, not far from where Mrs. Otey sang "Rotarianne."

The sheriff had been sent by State's Attorney Duty to recover a stolen automobile believed to be stored in the klansman's garage. Duty had heard that this machine had been used by Joe Skelcher, an anti-klansman of Herrin who was commonly supposed to have attacked Glenn Young, the klan's hired gunman, last May, on the Kaw River flats up by Belleville. Young was wounded and his wife was blinded by shots fired on him at that time. The story runs that Young's assailants left him and his wife bleeding by the roadside and turned back their machine towards Herrin in a wild night ride of many hours. On the outskirts of Herrin they were met by an armed band, popularly supposed to be klansmen, who fired on them, killing Skelcher. The machine in which Skelcher was riding had disappeared but Duty heard that Smith and his fellow-klansmen had it in hiding and he sent the more or less reluctant sheriff over to fetch it back to Marion.

Galligan has had his fill of fighting since he was elected sheriff. He has been barricaded in the Herrin hospital by gun-toting klansmen, kidnapped in a machine and taken to jail in Champagne, forced into hiding in Chicago. He evidently figured there was trouble coming on this last mission so he took two of his fastest shooting deputies with him. The writer did not know Bud Allison, one of the deputies, but he does know Ora Thomas, the other, very well indeed and he heartily approves the sheriff's choice. Ora used to work in a mine in Williamson and he has the slow, quiet speech of the Southern Illinois coal-digger. He is in his early thirties, a tall, easy-to-look-at, curly-haired man with the long white fingers of an artist and an eye for a target that is unrivalled even in Williamson. Ever since the Herrin mine riot trials when he worked as legal investigator for his fellow miners, he has been engaged in what at times has seemed to be a one-man fight against the Williamson klan. Rumor makes him head of the "Knights of the Flaming Circle," an organization composed for the most part of miners, which wages unceasing war upon the hooded brethren. Ora has been shot at many times, indicted for all sorts of crimes and finally deputized by his friend George Galligan, who himself carries a union card. It must be understood that my admiration for Ora does not extend to all his acts. But I just can't help liking the devil-may-care light in his eye and the way he walks the streets of Herrin with baleful glances following his straight back.

The garage proprietor wasn't around when Galligan's party drew up, but sitting in the back of the garage was a man with four guns strapped on him. Galligan says this was a klansman and that he immediately opened fire upon the official intruders.

Then, as the Marion Daily Republican describes the affair in the same issue in which the account of the Rotarian golf tournament appears, "hell broke loose." Galligan says that klansmen drove up in automobiles and opened fire with small

VISITING aeroplanes and indigenous impassable roads; covered wagons on the streets alongside the latest model automobiles; moving picture theatres costing $100,000 with hitch-racks behind them where the farmers' mules snap querulously at flies all day; golf links a few short blocks from wide-open gambling joints where gun-play is a common affair —this southern delta of Illinois called Egypt, is a place of startling contrasts.

While newspapers like the Chicago Tribune and the St. Louis Post-Despatch inform their readers that Williamson County is "doomed" and outlaw it as having passed beyond the pale of civilization, it isn't really as simple as that. It is the first job of those who are not willing to blot off a fairly large part of the state of Illinois to come to an understanding of its inhabitants.

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arms and rifles. From behind a grape-arbor across the street from the garage someone fired shots that killed Bud Allison and wounded Ora Thomas. The sheriff's sixteen-year-old son came along and took active part in the affray. When it was all over, six men were dead; Allison, a by-stander, and four of the party who had attacked Galligan.

The sheriff withdrew to the hospital where he barricaded himself and put in a long distance telephone call to Springfield asking Adjutant General Black to send militia down to Herrin, a request familiar enough at the Springfield headquarters.

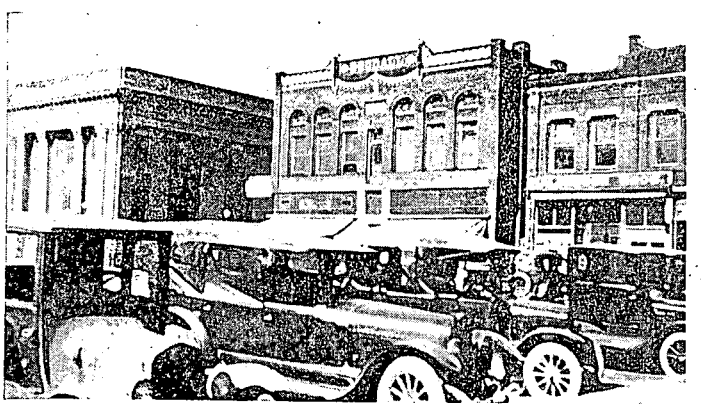
So the troops were sent and Herrin once more arrived on the front page of the papers of the country, a position which it has occupied with marked consistency since the Herrin mine riots of 1922.

WHAT sort of a community is this where Rotarians revolve peacefully around well-kept golf-links, where homes of real beauty stand back from smiling lawns on wide streets, where the high school debating team shares its victories with a bang-up basket-ball team and where klan and anti-klan ride about "gun-ganging" one on the other?

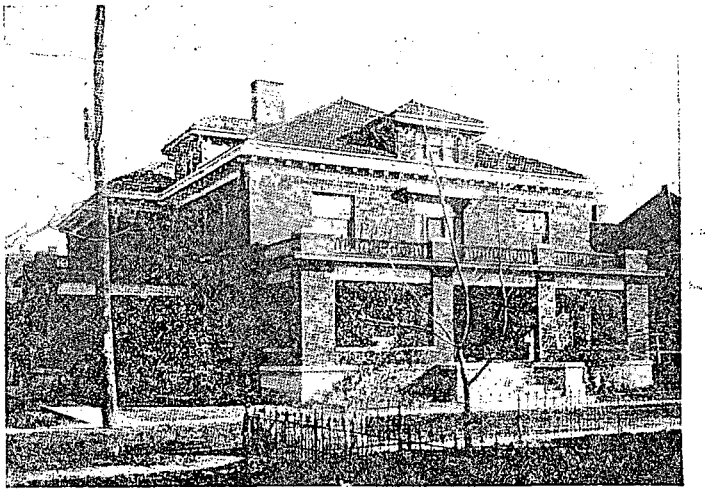
For you mustn't think of Herrin as a wild mining-camp with muddy streets and crazy shacks falling into them. Herrin has been out of the mud for at least twenty years. It has the aspects of a standardized mid-west town, a paved Main Street crowded with shiny machines, a grandiose Elks Club, a Fire Department and some truly magnificent filling-stations—all the appurtenances in fact of our twentieth century civilization, including radios and commodious bootlegging parlors. Salesmen tell you Herrin is a good town—when the militia aren't there and that its hotel is the best in "Egypt," as Southern Illinois coal-fields are called.

What has happened recently in Herrin is what has happened in many parts of the Southwest, not so conspicuously in the lime-light as Herrin. The Ku Klux Klan is seeking to dominate the religious, political and economic life of the community and parts of the community are fighting back by use of the methods they inherited from an ancestry of Kentucky and Tennessee feudalists who came across the Ohio River and settled Williamson County soon after the Civil War.

For, first of all, it must be recognized that Williamson County is a southern community. Geographically, it is



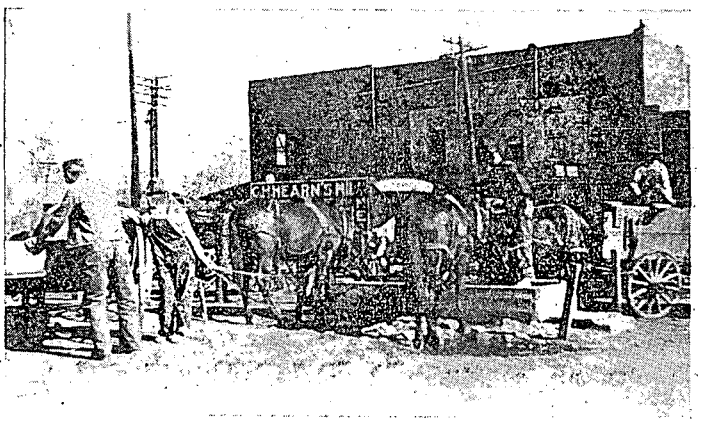
A Williamson County Main Street - New Style. Machines parked on Saturday afternoon in the town square of the county seat



The jail is the pride of the county seat. It is also the residence of the sheriff and the center of hospitality for visiting basket-ball teams etc.

farther south than Louisville, Kentucky. Spring comes here nearly a month ahead of Chicago. To ride down from Lake Michigan in the early part of April is to pass from a place of cold winds that nip early buds to a smiling country-side with the brief beauty of a Southern spring already upon it.

And Williamson is southern too, historically and spiritually. During the Civil War there was a constant guerilla warfare here between bands of northern troops and southern sympathizers. The strong personality of General John Logan, a native of Williamson, who led a regiment against the Confederates, had much to do with finally keeping



Old Style. Behind the town square are the hitch-racks for folk who still travel by horse power. Marion, Illinois

Egypt in the union. The feuds that this sharp division of sympathies engendered smouldered on long after the war. Mountaineers hailing originally from Kentucky and Alabama fought out their grudges with rifles, knives and shotguns all across the county. The only available history of Williamson is called "The Bloody Vendetta" and it details in bombastic style the commission of almost incredible deeds of violence, extending over twenty years.

Inadequate transportation service cut off the farmers of Egypt from their energetic Northern neighbors who were finding fortunes in the rich black loam that ends abruptly at Egypt's boundaries.

The Williamson farmers grew their corn and wheat and

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took what they could get for it. They dozed in the sun or rode into town to hear the G.A.R. veterans recounting their stories of Shiloh and Antietam.

AND then with the suddenness of a summer shower, came the discovery that changed the face of the country-side almost overnight. Under this lean land was a fat wealth of bituminous coal. The farmer who had been listlessly scratching in his corn-rows was in realiy treading on the roof of a treasure-trove. Operators in Chicago, reading the reports of their geologists, sent their agents everywhere through Williamson, Franklin, Saline and Jackson Counties buying mineral rights from the astounded natives. A new type of worker appeared—the miner with his pit-clothes and safety-lamp, his devil-may-care attitude towards life and most significant of all, his symbol of an organizing mind—the union card. The older farmers, passionately individualistic, abhorring the idea of rooting about in dark places away from the familiar sun and winds, drew back from this intruder. Their sons, learning of the money to be made in this new and adventurous enterprise, lined up in front of the mine companies' employment offices.

There followed a brief and bloody contest between the union and the Chicago operators over the right to organize the new fields. It culminated in the Carterville riots of 1898. Colored strike-breakers walked about the streets of Carterville. A running fight started in which strike-breakers were killed and many union men wounded. Carterville was unionized and all Egypt followed suit.

There were no further attempts to break the union's hold until Joseph Leiter of Chicago, the "wheat Leiter," attempted to operate non-union at Zeigler not far from Herrin in 1910. They show you today the spot from which his search-lights swept the tents of evicted miners and his machine gun bullets droned across the corn-fields near the mine. There were more killings and Leiter capitulated. It was in the face of such a history that during the coal strike, W. J. Lester, of Cleveland, tried his luck in working a non-union mine with machine-guns and armed guards.

It was sons (and daughters) of the fighters of the old Williamson vendetta days who reverted to gun and knife in the rioting at the Lester strip mine five miles from Herrin on that bloody day in June, 1922. They killed some score of detectives and non-union workers who had come armed into their county from Chicago. The two trials that followed failed to convict anyone for participation in the rioting.

Yet unlike the history of the county, the record of the union in Williamson is not given over entirely to chronicles of war-fare. The sub-district with headquarters at Herrin is one of the strongest of the units that go to make up the Illinois Mine Workers' Union (technically Sub-District No. 12, United Mine Workers of America), and the Illinois Mine Workers' Union has been called "the most powerful unit of organized labor in the country."

Under the business-like leadership of Frank Farrington, president of the Illinois Mine Workers, the union has won concessions from the operators enjoyed by few other organized districts. The rates of pay for Illinois miners are fixed by national agreements, $7.50 for day men, piece-work pay for the diggers and machine men that runs from $8 to as high as $10 or $12 according to conditions. It is in the amount of compensation collected, the laws governing working conditions and the assurance of complete solidarity that the Illinois coal-digger enjoys exceptional advantages. In most instances he owns his home, a bungalow with a small garden in back and a bit of green in front. He owns a Ford or a Chevrolet or shares one with his neighbors. If this statement smacks of the "silk-shirts and automobile" propaganda (of the operators), it must be remembered that the roads in Williamson are so atrocious and the rail service so poor that the small automobile takes the place of work-car, trolley and bicycle.

For the coal-digger the local union meeting-place is at once sanctuary, social center, club and church. His life is the life of the organization that has kept him from the serfdom of his non-union West Virginia and Pennsylvania fellow-workers and when you attack that organization you are attacking the thing that he prizes most dearly. Because of the union and the solid front it presents to every attempt to disrupt it, he can send his children to grade-school, even perhaps to high-school, buy decent clothes for his wife and himself and hold a position of respect in his community. He can and does run for mayor or sheriff on the Labor ticket and receive the sort of backing from the union that assures election. He and his followers can break the largest local store or most prosperous hostile newspaper by the quiet use of boycott. He saw red when he watched the habitué of Chicago flop-houses patrolling public highways in his county, armed with high-powered rifles to protect men, who were working to break his organization.

Beyond this unshakeable faith in organization however, the vision of the rank and file of union men and their leaders in Williamson has not thus far progressed. Such enterprises of the new unionism as co-operation, adult educational work and health conservation have made little headway. The 12,000 miners of Williamson have no central labor hall, no common meeting-place. Their only contact with the world of labor outside of Egypt comes through their weekly paper, The Illinois Miner. While The Miner is generally conceded to be one of the most progressive and catholic papers in the labor field it cannot perform the functions of social worker, health lecturer and labor educator.

IT is this isolation, physical and mental, that dwarfs the growth of Williamson through all sections of soceity. It growth of Williamson through all sections of society. It makes for a brooding, neurotic, clannish people suspicious of outsiders, inhospitable in the extreme. The spokesmen for the so-called "upper classes" (by which is indicated the doctors, dentists, druggists, bankers, lawyers and their pursy-mouthed, bespectacled wives) are insufferably snobbish and unbelievably self-satisfied. Descendants of feudists and the rag-tag and bob-tail of poor white camp-followers they throw coal-diggers, radicals, niggers, wops, Catholics, highbrows, pro-Germans and Darwinites into a common dust-heap of hate. Nordics "100 per centers to a man," they offer a happy hunting-ground for Ku Klux Klan kleagles. They are shrewd enough, however, to keep their membership a secret from their union (*Continued on page* 56)

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EDITORIALS

HOWEVER we may regard the Independent-Progressive candidatures as a political innovation—and apart from personalities and particular proposals—we may all find ourselves indebted to this new movement for bringing economic and social considerations, which lie close to the life and labor of the common lot of Americans, clear through into the arena of searching public discussion. These, the older parties with their mixed memberships tended, otherwise, to elide for the sake of party unity.

And whatever the outcome of the November elections, we may hope that the campaign will at least demonstrate the call for a thorough overhauling of our present governmental machinery to meet the stress of the industrial changes which have swept in in the last fifty years: a survey if you will of our present "state of the nation"; competent analyses of immediate needs linked with forecasts of those of longer range, all as a basis for an honest, intelligent and just effort to meet those needs either with our present machinery or with new tools and new methods. Our utter failure to cash in the results of the coal inquiry of two years ago and to meet the situation confronting miners, consumers, investors, with a constructive fuel program turned to action, does not, to be sure, raise hope too high as to the consequences to be expected from such a canvass. But that failure at least illuminates causes which are at the bottom of widespread social unrest; it is at least a charge upon each of us in our individual capacity to do serious stock taking.

We face new situations daily. We crave adequate readjustments in our changing environment. Some of us may feel that surer—and in the long run—swifter progress in setting our house in order may be made if we make haste slowly. Some of us are chiefly concerned with routing out what's worn-out, obsolete, unjust and parasitic; some with building afresh. But we can all hail the clash of sincere opinion; can hold with Tennyson that there is truth in honest doubt, can welcome innovation if it helps to clarify men's thinking and clear the ground for common action. That is the process of democracy. What is to be dreaded more than anything else is the closed mind, the complacency which comes from satisfaction with things as they are. If life means anything more to man than the lower animals it means aspiration, growth, pioneering.

"ABOVE all else," once said Joseph Lee, "the American people like open plumbing." Political movements, as such, fall outside what has been the traditional subject field of the Survey. But when social or civic or economic factors with which we are concerned enter into legislation or politics, we do not abandon their consideration. We hold our ground: disentangle them as best we may, and appraise them according to our lights. So doing, any bias in these pages may be the better discounted if the editor of The Survey puts down, for the information of his readers, that he will vote for LaFollette and Wheeler in November. He will do so for reasons he feels to be implicit in the foregoing. Yet that appraisal of our situation is drawn from the letter of a midwestern business man, long a member of Survey Associates, whose vote in November will be for Davis; under whose leadership, and with the prick of a strong minority, he feels that the Democratic party may "start from the point to which it came under Woodrow Wilson and progress surely but courageously forward into the future." Next week we shall carry a review of the study of the Preparation of Calvin Coolidge, now in press, on which his college mate, Robert A. Woods, of South End House, Boston, has been at work these last six months. He approaches the career of the Republican nominee as mayor, governor, and president from the angle of the social worker in a way to bring out, in the author's words, "how the same traits and the same human point of view appear throughout."

We may differ, the three of us, as to ways ahead; but we share long objectives. These we hold in common as against some of our various political bed-fellows. And that is true of many who will go their varying roads in the November balloting; prophetic, mayhap, of re-alignments in the years to come. Two passages from our mid-western correspondent follow verbatim. They are offered as the picture of an American voter off his job and out in the woods with his sons where he has been "brushing away the cobwebs of every-day living." It is a picture to conjure with, hopefully.

You who deal with ideas, who come in contact with living, thinking men and women, cannot imagine the poverty of one who, by force of circumstances—not choice—is dealing with things: real estate, bonds, people whose thinking is largely materialistic. And yet, as I wrote an artist friend last year, one can fashion and create, dream and build, if not castles, other things of beauty and utility. One can have the spirit of the artist even if his media be prosaic bricks and mortar, city streets and playgrounds. I deny that the days of the pioneer have passed away, that this is an age without adventure. I know that there are wildernesses still to be explored, big-game yet to be hunted; daring and courage are needed if one is to live largely and work greatly even in the typical American city.

What we need and need badly is a stirring of our imagination, a revived spirit and a will and passion for justice and beauty. I cannot become pessimistic. When I hear that a book like So Big is a large seller, when I see that the effect of men like MacDonald and Herriot, I know that latent in us there is much of good.

If each of us can make some contribution toward that larger, freer, fuller life when all men everywhere may have oppor-

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tunity, both material and spiritual, to grow and develop, we may feel that we have been among the Givers. The sun is high and bright; my boy calls me. I look out over a lake sparkling in the sunlight. It all seems prophetic. Heaven above, a goodly earth beneath, man struggling ever onward and upward. Another young life touched with the mystery of the universe, inspired by beauty and learning that the mountains can be reached only by a long, long trail.

TOO-EAGER uplifters could find a moral in the story of an enterprising young book agent who set about selling an encyclopedia of farming. One of his first prospects was a seedy person, whose leaky shanty was surrounded by a waste strewn with weeds and broken farm implements, among which three hens and two stray pigs were picking a desultory living. As the salesman stopped for breath after setting forth the riches of the book, which surely would re-double profits in a year, the farmer shifted the last ounce of his weight to the tree at which he had paused to listen; and remarked, "Young man, I ain't farmin' now as well as I know how."

Such, barring its pleasant honesty, is the attitude which blocks progress in many social fields in which the scientific knowledge, painstakingly collected and verified, lies unused merely because there is not sufficient popular interest to sow its teachings and reap their rewards. In the domain of public health, as the professional health workers themselves have pointed out, we know enough to add five years to the average American expectancy of life whenever, as communities and individuals, we care enough to take the trouble and to incur the expense. The startling successes in the struggle against illness and death are those which involve the conquest of communicable diseases—smallpox, typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, yellow fever—and the ailments of infancy, in which the bulk of the trouble and responsibility can be taken by an able and energetic health officer or a solicitous parent. Discouraging by contrast is the line, level or slanting upward, which pictures the static or growing incidence of the diseases of middle and later life—heart disease, cancer, kidney disease, diabetes. Here gain can be made only through the desire of people to cultivate the habits and practices which will conserve and build up their own health; here the stake is that priceless personal endowment in which so many otherwise intelligent persons are little interested as long as they have it.

Tens of thousands of men and women will die this year because they do not care enough for their lives.

Caught in a corner, they will fight for their lives: their emotional centers will take care of that. Injured or fevered on a hospital bed, they will fight for them: every nerve ganglion will see to that. But when the issue hangs not on a crisis but on applying the science of living to their mode of life, the encounter shifts to the seat of their intelligence, their habits, their wills and we are most of us shown up as bunglers. The agitation for periodic health examinations is aimed at that individual indifference and irresponsibility which make us such. And quite as significant, in contrast to the clean-up weeks, the swift sanitary strokes and the other features of our early fights against the epidemics, is the mounting concern of our newer health demonstrations, which seek to lift the levels for an entire area for a period of years, for what might be termed organized self-health.

IN bringing out this month its extensive report for 1923, the Milbank Fund announces the Bellevue-Yorkville district of New York City as the metropolitan area in its series of such health demonstrations. The selection of the middle East side of Manhattan is significant in the light of the trend we have indicated. Nothing is more noteworthy in this report than the insistence that this great organized undertaking will not achieve success unless it is "conducted *by* and not *on* the people in the demonstration centers," and to the end set by one member of its advisory council, that public health "be made a part of our annual personal budgets and not be left entirely to the makers of municipal, county, and state budgets." The series of demonstations—Cattaraugus County as the rural area, Syracuse as the urban, and the New York district as the metropolitan, give scope not only for testing the agencies and devices of organization available in the different types of communities, but also for working out the psychological approaches necessary to meet and influence different kinds of habits of mind, on which the achievement must rest if it is real.

THE demonstration program itself summarizes the heartening experience of the past five years in making human life surer, and to that extent, happier. It designates the outstanding factors of preventive medicine and hygiene as: tuberculosis, communicable disease, school hygiene, maternity, infancy and child hygiene, social hygiene, mental hygiene, industrial hygiene, sanitation and food inspection, health conservation and life extension. Because communities have had a longer experience in the prevention and control of tuberculosis than in others of these fields, an effective campaign against tuberculosis is the keystone of the arch, but there is clear recognition that it will drop to the ground without the other stones. The report summarizes the eager search for knowledge and the unstinted efforts put forward in the past two generations in these chosen fields; it analyzes the communities studied in the course of the choice of the demonstration areas; and it estimates that the whole program can be put into effect by any community at a cost of $3 per capita per annum. In accordance with its policy of working through existing agencies and supplementing them only where such aid is necessary to an effective result, the fund will bear not more than $1 per capita per annum. On the whole project the fund probably will spend between $1,500,000 and $2,000,000 during five years; and this is carefully plotted on a descending scale so that the communities will not be confronted with a sudden break at the close of the allotted period.

The riches, material and otherwise, which would accrue to a community able to comprehend and *practise* individually and collectively the wisdom thus brought to the service of three fortunate groups, could hardly be pictured too glowingly.

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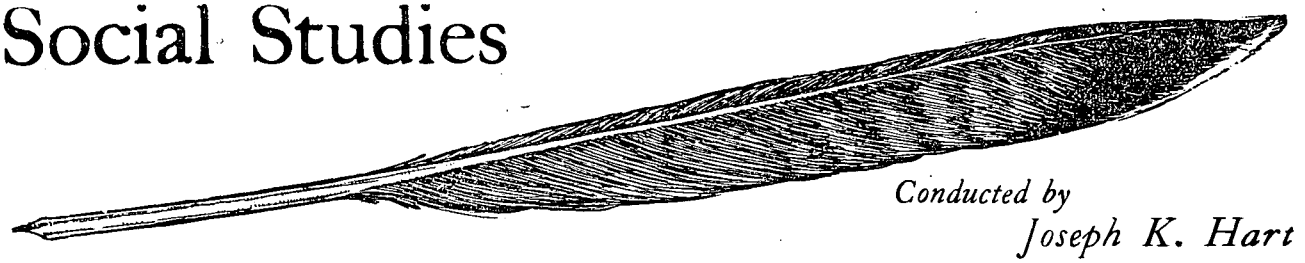
Social Studies



Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Current Trends and Inclusions

IN this issue we sweep from the "days of the ancients" to the most modern industrial and social developments in cities like Pittsburgh and Toronto; and from the Rotary Club and golf course life of Herrin back to the days of primitive vendetta. We see scientific research hard at work trying to learn how to control the ravages of disease and, near by, primitive passions, sometimes highly organized, trying to continue the ravages of hate. We find the scientific student of history raising grave doubts as to the validity of most of our social institutions and assumptions, and even questioning the capacity of men to carry the burden of civilization. We see families being wrecked by the very efforts their members are making to support these families and make them secure. We see children being destroyed by certain of our community derelictions, while we are busy with efforts to save the rest by means of laws having far-reaching legal and social implications. We see local wars in one part of America and, not far away, lagging efforts to understand and control the making of international wars. Here are pictures of moments and events and special areas of contemporary civilization. Here are problems and aspirations and programs. Here is little room for idle complacency—large room for imagination, intelligence, courage, faith. Here are the current trends, the striking tendencies, the challenging problems which have come to the attention of the editors of this magazine, and which they pass on, as subjects of inquiry, as problems and as evidence, to the students who are its readers. The world is full of subjects of inquiry. The problems are not all solved. The evidence is not all in. Of these things the future is being made:

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SEVEN MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PEACE

(*Continued from page 14*)

A LARGE number of Americans feel—as, for example, the responses to the Bok peace prize contest showed—that America should do something real to improve international relationships and to prevent "the next war." The Carnegie Endowment, with its wealth, prestige and years of experience, is naturally looked to for leadership in this endeavor.

The World Court is regarded by these Americans as a significant, concrete step in the direction of peace. When this survey began some months ago, Senator Pepper's committee was holding a public hearing in Washington on the subject of the Court. The response was impressive. Men and women representing all sides of American life flocked to the capital. The Federation of Churches, Federated Women's Clubs, the American Federation of Labor; lawyers and college presidents; various peace societies, including the World Peace Foundation of Boston (endowed by the late Mr. Ginn after the manner of the Carnegie fund, but more modestly) were all represented by spokesmen who followed one another for two days, arguing for participation in the Court and protesting against the Senate's inactivity in failing to report the matter out of committee.

The Endowment, and its child, the American Peace Society, both of which have offices in Washington, were conspicuous by their absence. This failure was explained as due to the Endowment's policy of avoiding contentious questions, but it was not understood by most of the private individuals who had come at considerable trouble and expense to perform what they believed to be a public duty. In 1917, the trustees had passed a resolution pledging the Endowment to "make a special effort to overcome the remaining obstacles to the establishment of an international court of justice." It seemed logical to look to the Endowment and the American Peace Society for visible support if not active leadership—and they looked in vain.

At the same time, in Washington, the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom was holding its fourth convention. Women from all over the world had come—Europe, South America, the Far East. Some of them held political theories more radical than most of ours. It might be objected that conferences of this sort merely result in a whipping-up of emotional enthusiasm without concrete results. Nevertheless, women of the type of Miss Jane Addams, who acted as chairman, cannot be dismissed as negligible; nor such a coming together of women from the ends of the earth as insignificant. It represented at least a certain potentiality, a reservoir of good-will.

Washington did not receive these visitors, however, with any marked hospitality. The fire-breathing Daughters of 1812 endeavored to get the management of the hotel in which the sessions were held to throw them out altogether. One enlightened Congressman asked the Department of Justice to proceed against the ladies on the ground that they were in the pay of the Russian Bolsheviks. Senator Borah was one of the four or five American males, who had the grace to take part in the sessions and add theirs to the general voice. Neither the Endowment nor the American Peace Society were represented in any way, nor ventured a word in the women's defense.

WHILE it is possible to overstress the connection between economic rivalries and the war and to assume too lightly that if raw materials were equitably distributed international conflicts would cease, certainly this aspect of international friction is receiving more and more attention, and the economic as well as the political development of the international idea, is becoming increasingly important. The application to the economic causes of war of the political forms which may tend to check them is one of the tasks now facing statesmanship. In studying the economic results of the Great War, the Endowment will cast a retrospective light on this subject, but

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in attacking the prevention of future disagreements for which economic activities are now preparing, it has yet to be heard from.

IT was inevitable, as the Endowment shook itself together, that its work should become standardized, and its funds more and more applied under its own direction. The vague connotation of unlimited wealth in the mere word "Carnegie," naturally attracts all sorts of visionary or self-seeking suggestions, and in the course of a dozen year's experience the administrators of such a fund necessarily acquire a pretty expeditious technique in dealing with applicants.

Necessary as this protective coloring is, it seems doubtful if the Endowment is as open as it should be to new suggestions. It was Mr. Root himself who said in 1920: "We are beating around on the mere surface of things and by 'we' I do not mean this organization, I mean governments. What has been done hitherto is mere attempt to bind the giant with silk ribbons. Money will not do it. The only advantage in having money is that it may help some personality to become effective." And yet Mr. Root is one of the first to distrust any unorthodox straying from precedent or what he would regard as interference with the statesmanship which should be left to Foreign Offices and accredited diplomats.

It would be easy to fill this paper with suggestions, of varying value, which have been declined by the Endowment. Here, to take one at random, is a professor trying to make a comparative study of the history text-books of various nations, with the aim of pointing out the nationalistic bias of each (the different accent put, for example, on the story of Waterloo in France, in England and in Germany) and arriving at something approaching "absolute" truth.

Interesting and useful pioneering this, in a direction that ought, eventually, to have something to do with lessening nationalistic vanity and prejudice. But the work called for certain expenses which the professor was trying to meet from his own pocket and the Endowment was asked to help. It declined. That in itself means nothing, of course. The available funds may all have been assigned and scores of such suggestions must be turned down. And yet it seems not improper to measure the probable fruitfulness of such work with some of the minor enterprises actually undertaken by the Endowment —the translation into Spanish, for instance, in a library of American of which, thus far, only five volumes have been published, of two of the trustee's books,—one by Dr. Butler and one by Professor James Brown Scott.

In view of the fact that such important work as that of the Institute of International Education had to be cut off because of lack of funds the public may also not unreasonably ask for a pretty clear explanation of the expenditure, at the same time, of certain sums on reconstruction in countries with which we are supposed to be the best of international friends. Thus £10,000 was given towards the repair of Westminster Abbey; $107,000 towards the repair of the library at Louvain; a new library was built at Rheims and another at Belgrade, Servia; $150,000 to construct a model public square in the Commune of Fargniers, Department of the Aisne.

To bracket these gifts with decorations or other honoraria, bestowed on certain of the trustees by the countries benefitted, as some hostile critics have done, is uncalled for, but the public are entitled to a satisfactory statement as to the contribution made by these amiable gifts toward the cause of international peace. One of the trustees explained to me that people little realized how much irritation toward the United States there was after the war and how necessary it was for the Endowment to make itself solid, so to speak, before beginning post-war work.

The explanation scarcely explains. The Endowment took no daring or unpopular stand during the War which necessitated buying itself back into favor. And after thus bowing its head to the war wind, let alone after the American service in France of which this seems scarcely the moment or place to speak, if the Endowment must needs build model squares, including shower baths and bowling alleys, in order to continue its altruistic work, the chances of getting anything permanent done for international peace seem small, indeed.

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"SUPPOSE," said one of the trustees, with whom I was discussing the Endowment's disinclination for the more vocal sorts of peace advocacy, "you wanted to get the American Federation of Labor to do something. Well, of course you might write a lot of articles and editorials and hold meetings and stir up public opinion to exert a certain amount of pressure. But the real way would be to get to Sam Gompers himself. Then you might see something accomplished."

This is canny doctrine and in many of life's affairs, effective. But peace is a state of mind still in the making. It is not something carried round in the pockets of individuals, however eminent. The objection to dealing exclusively with these worthies is simply that they cannot deliver the goods. Put in this bold fashion, probably none of the trustees, even the gentleman just quoted, would maintain that peace could be so wrapped up and delivered. They would say, as they many times have said, that international peace meant nothing less than a slow change and education of a whole world. But in actual practice a group of eminent, self-perpetuating gentlemen, like the trustees of the Endowment, tend more and more to work with their kind and unconsciously to eliminate ll that does not fall in with the habitual point of view of those more or less like themselves. And while peace undoubtedly means "the gradual and patient extension of the rule of law," there is a danger of digging in on some such comfortable bit of "rationalizing" and leaving the work to time and evolution.

As one faces the tragic facts of Europe today, and the bewilderment of the more serious side of the younger generation in this country, there is an unconscious humor in the tone in which, in its Year Book for 1923, Dr. Butler describes the Endowment's new home in Paris. Two pages of photographs and two of urbane descriptions are given to this "dignified old XVIII Century hotel at 173 Boulevard St. Germain. It stands at the widest point of the famous boulevard, near the foreign embassies and not far from the Senate, the Chamber of Deputies, the Institut de France. Its fine XVIII Century façade rises to a height of seventy feet. A large court gives light and air to the spacious rooms decorated in the style of Louis XV. . . . The building contains fifty-five rooms, large and small . . . there is a terrace on the roof with sanded paths and shrubs from which a superb view of Paris and the Seine may be obtained. . . ."

Very attractive, certainly, and no sensible person would begrudge the Endowment suitable working quarters, nor suggest that the money spent on this palatial home was improperly spent, although it did, as a matter of fact, cost the Endowment more than was originally intended. What we are concerned with here are merely matters of accent and mood, with what is symptomatic rather than open to direct criticism. And in the face of the tragedy of Europe today, of the tremendous human facts which the Endowment is engaged to affect, this unctious preoccupation with the charms of what is, after all, a working headquarters rather than a pleasant club, does suggest a certain slackening of emotional intensity, the danger, which such a fund always runs, of becoming static and standardized and making self-perpetuation an end in itself.

The little Filipino lady who spoke at one of the sessions of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom last spring, showing her dimples and white teeth as she said that "we must do away with this economic imperialism" was doubtless as incongruous a figure in comparison with the gigantic forces of which she spoke as a talking doll standing in front of the Twentieth Century Express. Miss Jane Addams, who presided at those meetings, may seem to ignore, at times, the brutal realities of trade and politics. Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, that intrepid little old Joan of Arc, who went from the conference hall up to the Senate hearing on the World Court, and for sheer eloquence, and dynamic conviction ran circles round most of the men who spoke there, may be absorbed in the purely ethical aspects of peace to the exclusion of the slow, practical steps needed to approach it.

There is a rather general belief that such congresses are weak in concrete results. I do not wish to over-emphasize the importance of this particular one, nor to seem to be using it as a comprehensive measuring stick against the whole work

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of the Endowment. I mention it because it represented something—also necessary in any work toward peace—which the Endowment seems to lack; a passion for peace, an emotional head of steam, which, in whatever field it is exerted, is what makes the world go round. These women had been lonely warriors in many an unpopular fight. They had said the things they were saying now, when saying them meant the likelihood of going to jail, and they would say them again, under similar circumstances, if need be. The will toward peace and international neighborliness, so often trampled under since the war, became alive again in that hall. The air was the old free air and the spirit lifted and expressed itself. Theirs was not the psychology of opportunists and pussyfooters, but of fighting Christians and crusaders.

It is this crusading spirit which the Endowment, in what might be described as its comfortable middle age, seems conspicuously to lack. It would be unreasonable, perhaps, to expect it. All these gentlemen are useful and distinguished Americans in their various ways, and the ways of most of them are not those of the crusader. Even were some spurt or recurrence of that spirit to overtake them, they are too preoccupied with other affairs to give it much chance.

President Butler, for example, runs a great university, and assists in running the Republican Party. He sits at a long table, piled with letters and telegrams duly sorted out and arranged by obedient secretaries—the sort of executive into and out of whose presence the visitor, even on an errand of peace, is shot with the speed and precision of a change-box in a pneumatic tube. Mr. Root is an eminent lawyer, our most distinguished elder statesman. But even were Mr. Root less habitually legalistic than he is, his generation was that which preceded rather than that which follows the Great War. He was completing his three score years and ten when war came.

A very different world faces the Endowment from that which faced it in 1910. The kings are gone. All Eastern Europe has undergone or is undergoing a peasant revolution, in one sort or another, and the continent called Russia is ruled, in the name, at least, of the proletariat and communism. The Labor government in England, the social and industrial stirring all over South America, the recent swing to the left in France, the splitting of our traditional political parties—all these things are different aspects of something new in the world, something like a general social overturn which makes the 1910 type of eminent man a good deal less representative now than then. The political position of women has correspondingly changed. If someone were to give ten millions of dollars now for a peace fund, it is difficult to believe that the Board of Trustees would not include representatives of women, the traditional conservators of human life, and of "labor", which, when war comes, furnishes most of the cannon fodder.

And it is also difficult to believe that the policies of these more contemporaneous trustees would not differ a good deal from those of the present Endowment. The crusading spirit, in the sense at least of an active and pioneering spirit, is by no means limited to the more emotional type of peace advocated. Such work as the Foreign Policy Association and the Williamstown Institute of Politics have done in providing open forums for the intelligent discussion of international affairs; as the former's timely reports on various international disputes and its efforts to educate public opinion, to present briefs to the State Department and to bring important information to the attention of Congress; the prompt action which the Federation of Churches recently took in the clash between the Senate and Japan; the work of the League of Women Voters and other organizations in forcing some action on the World Court—all these are but examples of attempts to meet issues as they arise and get something done before it is too late, which seem suitable tasks for a peace endowment.

A certain incongruity and clash of aims is almost inseparable, perhaps, from the administration of a permanent peace fund. The conservatism necessary to win public confidence in the first place, and more or less associated with the task of guarding any such vast sum of money, calls for one set of qualities: aggressive, pioneering work for the end in view, calls for others. In a world still largely controlled by instincts inherited from savage ancestors, peace has rarely been popular or even safe.

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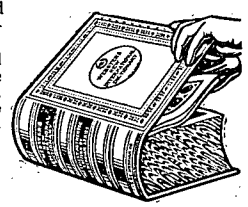

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Its advocates inevitably fight their way upstream and against the tide. The administrators of a permanent peace fund, chosen in quiet times because they are held in public esteem, find themselves engaged in activities, which, at the first threat of war, the majority are likely to condemn.

A laboratory of scientific research can be endowed with every hope of good results, because patience and industry and intelligence are things that can be bought and men will even give these things for nothing in order to be free to pursue truth. But imagination, moral courage, constructive idealism and the leadership which will carry the world nearer the goal of international peace are harder to come by and harder to keep t work, year in and year out, on any path of consistent advance.

Yet these qualities—moral leadership, in a word,—are demanded in the administration of such a fund, and to supply them is the responsibility of those who consecrate themselves to such a work.

HERRIN

(*Continued from page* 48)

Most of them have homes in Marion, the oldest town in the county, and it is to Marion that one finally turns for a cross-section of the life of Williamson. There are fifteen churches in Marion which has a population of 10,000. Practically every month throughout the year there is a revival of some sort in either the Baptist or the Methodist churches. Anaemic, middle-aged men with high-standing collars and white bow-ties groan their exhortations to a revengeful deity in the early manner of Billy Sunday. A Babbit-like touch is given to these grotesqueries by announcements in the local papers to the effect that "Tonight there will be the peppiest pep meeting of the whole pepful series when the Rev. Will Clem will deliver his inspiring address to young men and women entitled 'How Andy Gump Lost His Chin.' A jazzerino-talk boys, by a he-man."

Sex harasses these people. They brood over it and it makes them restless. They will climb into Ford sedans and ride hours round and round the court-house or crowd into the really handsome moving picture house lured by the sensual "stills" in the lobbies. And the only solution suggested for bringing the larger life to Williamson that has thus far presented itself to the Chicago Tribune is the "need for home missionaries!"

THERE are two daily newspapers in Marion and both print Bible verses at the head of their editorial columns. There are one or two stories of births and deaths in town on the front pages—"Grim Reaper Calls Mrs. Swett"—"Its Twins at Hudgens's"—accounts of the dances at the Elks or L.O.O.M. or I.O.O.F.'s or K.P.'s or Mason's and the rest is boiler-plate and advertising. Neither paper while the Herrin mine-rioting was on printed one word of editorial comment—for Marion the outstanding news feature of generations. During the trials held within a stone's throw of the newspaper offices, there were editorials on etiquette (a subject that fascinates Marion society judging from the number of guide books to meticulous public behavior sold there that winter), the preserving of fruits, the liquor question, anything but the one subject that shrieked for comment. A recent survey conducted by a St. Louis newspaperman developed the fact that Williamson takes newspapers for two reasons—the continued fiction stories and the comic strips.

It is a comic strip world at that, this Marion "society," where nagging wives and hen-pecked and palely unfaithful husbands step out of the paper into reality every day, where arguments are settled Everett True fashion by the verbal or physical clubbing of your opponent, where the chinless Gump and his demagogic appeal as the wearer of "no man's collar" may be observed at every election, where Barney Google and the temperamental Spark Plug lend color to the county fair every September. And if by chance the names and deeds of Gump, Google and True are unfamiliar to Survey readers, be sure they are better known in Williamson than those of the foremost statesmen, poets and painters of our day. There was far more real interest shown by Marion two years ago this fall in the election of Andy Gump as portrayed in Cartoonist Sidney Smith's comic strips than in the congressional elections. Large sums of money were wagered between Andy and anti-Gumps.

FOLLOWING the mine-riot trials there was comparative peace in the county. Labor tickets were easily elected in both Marion and Herrin. Of course there were occasional boot-legging wars and some desultory shooting but violence did not become organized on a large scale until the kleagles arrived with their hoods and hog Latin and their ostentatious contributions to the local Baptist and Christian and Methodist churches. The strength of the klan in Marion was first realized by the general public when at a meeting held in the square outside the court-house a fire-eating minister assured a gaping crowd that the "blood that flowed at the mine riots would be but a drop in the bucket compared with what would happen if the county did not promptly reform."

Just what shape this reformation was to take is not clear. In answer to an article of mine on klan activities in Williamson I have recently received an anonymous letter purporting to come from that organization and informing me that it is the purpose of the klan to put an end to parochial schools. To the lay mind, gun-ganging on the sheriff seems to be a rather unusual method of separating church from state. But as I am told in the same letter that The New York World and New York Times are "Rome-controlled" the klan evidently possesses data inaccessible to me.

Soon after enough ten-dollar bills had flowed kleagleward, the klan hired Glenn Young, a sharp-shooting upholder of law and order who proudly displayed twenty-one notches on his gun as evidence of his prowess. Young commenced a series of raids on the homes of Italian miners, ostensibly in a search for contraband liquor. It is stated by opponents of the klan that Young and his klan following beat up men, women and children, desecrated shrines and so conducted themselves as to cause a hurried exodus of foreign born miners to St. Louis and points north. Young was indicted on some two hundred counts but never brought to trial. He was repudiated by the federal prohibition forces whom he claimed to represent and was on his way to Belleville in the northern part of the state when he was shot. Since then his only public appearance has been at the police station in Atlanta, Georgia, where he sought protection, saying that he was being pursued by "Herrin gangsters."

It isn't enough to say that the klan in Williamson is anti-union. It is an open secret that a number of American-born miners belong to it, despite the fact that membership makes them liable to expulsion from the union. Undoubtedly the klan receives its chief support from those who hate the union despite the fact that they make their living from its members, the lawyers, doctors, ministers and small businessmen, the proverbial "better element." The klan's chief appeal, of course, is to religious bigotry and in Williamson it finds a happy hunting-ground. The economic and political factors, while they are present, are not emphasized.

IGNORANCE, superstition, suspicion, hatred of the new, sex harassment, passions unchecked by reason that find their outlet in gun-play, boot-legging and rioting—these stalk the tree-lined streets of Herrin. Apparently the true spirit of civilization requires something deeper and richer than the radios, the Rotaries, the movies, the filling-stations, yes and even the high schools and labor unions and churches, are giving it them in 1924 A. D.

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HEALTH UN-LTD.

(*Continued from page 45*)

five or six years every annual health budget was approved only after the stiffest kind of opposition from councilmen who raised the flag of economy. It was give and take fighting; the doctor gave no quarter when his work was attacked, and two or three city fathers lost their seats after a round of it.

By 1916 the tide had turned. Toronto had already a good working system of school health examinations and nursing under the Board of Education. Not because it was at all ineffective, but because the city was catching Dr. Hastings' philosophy of consecutive, concentrated responsibility for the citizen's health from before birth to what he calls "the threshold of the next cycle of existence," the mayor and council took the initiative in petitioning the provincial legislature to transfer the school health program to the municipal health officer. The Board of Education, opposing the change, was able to carry the legislature, but the mayor was persistent. He put the question on the city ballots at the next election. Toronto voted by 22,000 to 6,000 to give the Medical Officer of Health control. The legislature could not do less than acquiesce. Since that decisive public endorsement the shoe, politically, has been on the other foot. Now a candidate for the council is pretty sure to boast of his past support of the health budget, or to pledge his future support, as evidence of his claim on the electors.

There was a City Welfare Commission, whose business was to inspect the institutions to which the city made relief allowances and advise the city generally in public relief problems. It had not made much of a success at teamwork. Three years ago, largely on the initiative of the Bureau of Municipal Research, this commission was dissolved and its duties given to a new division in the department of health and welfare. Dr. Hastings believes that social diagnosis demands trained workers no less than medical, and will have none but graduates of social casework schools or institutes on the staff of this social service division, which is headed by an able caseworker.

The one large piece of public health machinery still quite separate from the health department is the Victorian Order of Nurses. This is a dominion-wide organization formed by Lady Aberdeen when her husband was governor-general, at the time of Queen Victoria's jubilee. It is surrounded by the prestige of official patronage and a long tradition of service. In Toronto the Victorian nurses, confining themselves chiefly to bedside nursing, exchange reports twice a week with the public health nurses and work in close harmony with them. Even the Victorian Order is beginning to ask whether it would not be better to use the available funds in further extension in pioneer areas, leaving Toronto's sick poor to the competent care of the city.

THIS city nursing service is the pioneer, and, with Detroit, the outstanding example of generalized public health nursing—that is, the use of a single corps of nurses for all sorts of nursing duties (except the bedside care of those ill with non-communicable diseases), instead of the assignment of particular nurses to school inspection, prenatal clinics, or other special duties. There are now 114 nurses on the city payroll. There would be more, Dr. Hastings says, if the war had not somewhat slowed up the snowball. Aside from a group of supervisors, one for tuberculosis, one for mental cases, one for veneral disease, and so on, the nurses are assigned either to hospitals or to one of eight district offices. Those assigned to hospitals (who also take their turn at district nursing) do the work that is ordinarily known as hospital social service at all but one of Toronto's general hospitals. Each of the district nurses has a section of the district for her own. In one of the downtown districts, for example, 12 nurses divide a population of 69,000 between them. Each nurse carries an average of perhaps 90 families, and she is likely to know as many more. Some of the nurses have worked in one section for four years: in general a nurse stays put as long as she keeps herself out of a rut, and thus comes to know her clientele intimately. In the morning practically the whole force is thrown into the schools. When he enters school, each child is given a complete physical examination, at which every effort is made to have one or both of his parents present, so that a foundation can be laid for wise home care and continuing cooperation. Another examination is given each child in the fourth grade, so that even those who leave school early go out with some advice as to the kinds of work they are physically fit to do. The ailments that turn up day by day are cared for as need arises; children needing treatment (other than dental care) are sent to their own physicians or to the Hospital for Sick Children. The nurse also talks health in the classroom.

At noon the nurses report at district headquarters, which, as it happens, are nearly all in police stations! These district offices are shared by the Neighborhood Workers' Association, the city-wide private caseworking agency. There is constant interchange between the nurses and the social workers; in one district I was told that about 35 per cent of the Neighborhood Workers' cases were first reported by the nurses, and there is a steady, if somewhat smaller, stream of health cases brought in by the family welfare visitors.

The afternoons the nurses give to the work assigned by the district superintendent—prenatal visiting; the care of tubercular patients; examining babies and advising mothers, under the direction of the city physicians, at the child health centers (to which mothers are urged to bring both babies and pre-school children); following up the many clues that come from clinics, birth registrations, schools and the social agencies. Only the venereal disease cases are handled by a special staff.

This generalized nursing plan was one of Dr. Hastings' early hobbies. It had its inception in a clear case of duplication: a survey made in 1915 showed that 85 per cent of the families in which public health nursing was being done were being served simultaneously by school nurses and those of the health department. It has worked out, to the satisfaction of Toronto at least, in lengthening the reach and broadening the contacts of public health work, and in strengthening the hold of the nurse on the families she is capable of serving.

Only less interesting than this nursing organization is the way in which the health department, the hospitals and the university cooperate. The city maintains no hospital of its own (except for acute communicable diseases) nor does it have any clinics for treatment (except the dental clinics in the schools). But it subsidizes free clinics of every sort at the private hospitals, paying 32 cents per patient. This enables the city to avoid all duplication, and still to maintain a stake in the handling of the sick poor. This arrangement, moreover, tends to concentrate the teaching material at the most available centers. The University of Toronto, which has given courses in public health nursing for four years, sends its students into the city health department for their supervised field work.

THE accompanying charts outline the story of the growing expenditure for public health in Toronto and the corresponding fall in the death rate. The budget for 1924 is $858,700; $1.56 per capita, and the staff of the department has topped 500. But figures alone do not convey Dr. Hastings' robust theory of the business of a public health department. Like most progressive health officers, he has lost interest in the range of activities which mean mere surface cleanliness.

It is obvious, he says, that the activities of a modern department of health are vastly different from what they were a few years ago, when they were bending all their energies to the abating of nuisances, the collection and disposal of garbage, the cleaning of the streets, back-yards and lanes. These activities are clearly essential in any self-respecting city, but it would be difficult to demonstrate that their neglect would be responsible for one single death.

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THE DAYS OF OUR ANCIENTS

(*Continued from page* 38)

added a defensive note, and all of them had been loosely coordinated, there arose a Great House, civic center and citadel, to which the clans repaired on occasion, though passing most of their lives at their scattered clan house clusters.

The apex of the Great House culture was on the tawny white sloping plain of the Gila and the Salado, in Arizona, falling toward their junction, which is to say Salt River.

The state road which leads through this country from Casa Grande to Phoenix, cuts the line of innumerable Great House canals. Where it crosses the Salado, opposite the reef of reddish trap called Hole-in-the-Rock, the intake of ditches on both sides of the river can still be traced.

These *acequia madres,* down which the virgin poplars ran, ruffling their white-lined petticoats to the wind, extended for a total distance of two hundred miles across the river plain, bringing under cultivation a quarter of a million acres. At Mesa it is reported that the present Mormon colony saved itself a matter of twenty thousand dollars by utilizing the gradients of an ancient water way, pecked out of the tuff by picks of stone, heaped up with wooden shovels and carried away in skins. Even where their banks have been utterly leveled by the wind, the lines of these meandering canals can still be traced by the "water tamers," placed along their banks by the builders. For this is the way the minds of Our Ancients worked; "Along stream beds and borders," said they, "there are rounded and oddly shaped rocks, and where these are the water flows faster with a contented sound; therefore let us place along our mains, familiar shapes of stone so that the river may be the more easily induced to flow there and feel at home."

But there were more fields than Mesa boasts, gathered around the six Great House heaps, corn and the fragrant bean fields, cotton between musky golden melons and little green-white squashes, and the silvery sinuous *acequias*. Twelve to thirteen thousand farmer citizens worked their allotments of irrigated land about Los Muertos, living from seed time to harvest in the dark wattled-and-daub "*temporales*" and under the open-sided *ramadas* where the dripping water jar swung and the grinding stone lay on the *metate*. But from harvest to seed time they returned to their town houses.

Distributed along both sides of the main canal, the Great Houses rose from four squared foundations, terraced inward to a height of four or five stories, of which the last one was little more than a tower, from the top of which a smoke signal would call the furthest farmer to the citadel.

In its lower, doorless chambers would be stored the seed corn, and the tithing of the *Cacique,* and probably in the central cell of all the Sun Priest prayerfully awaited the moments when the beam of the Sun Father, turning in his course, would shine through the pierced walls, as the custodian will show you at Casa Grande. Probably no private house was without some marker of its own, as you will find at Zuñi, some spot on the wall or the doorsil where the sun shone at solstice or equinox and at those times only, by which seed time and harvest and feast days were calculated. But it was the *Cacique* who cried the time from the housetops when the waters should be unloosed or the tithing brought in, or the rally of young men for the communal hunt. And perhaps when the hunt was on, or the salt-train about due from the south, the women went up to the tower story to look for the faint smokes in the appointed quarters of the horizon which advised them when to set the fires going in the great communal baking pits. These were in open plazas between the Great Houses, and when they were packed close with haunches of venison with savory herbs between, flanked with green corn and rows of round bodied bean pots, and cakes of pounded meal flavored with wild seeds or sweetened with *sahauro* and wrapped in clean husks, the steam of them would have surely hastened the feet threading the silver network of the *acequias*.

It is likely that the families of all who had to do with the administration of the Great House affairs lived rather continuously at the community houses, and that the smaller dwellings clustered about them were the winter homes of such of the farmers as felt themselves drawn to the winter life of cities. At San Juan and Santa Clara one hears young *Pueblenos* talk at their summer *temporales* of "week-ending at the Pueblo."

Whether certain of the buildings uncovered at Los Muertos were halls of the Masons and the Elks, I mean of the fraternities of the Antelope and the Snake and the Rain, or were temples of the Holders and Finishers of the Paths of Our Lives, is one of the unsolved problems of the Great House era. Cushing, who uncovered them thought them temples—any building wholly set aside from secular use is surely a temple—and dividing the horizon according to the system prevailing at Zuñi, he found his way to the ancient shrines and sacred places of the purple mountain wall.

Tremendous activities went on in these Cities That Died. Between the times when they served the Corn and the Cotton there were shrines to be visited, ditches to be dug and mended between the summer and winter floods, loads of arrow stone and water-worn boulders suitable for winter working to be poled in from the river beds along the *acequia madres,* on rafts of bundled reeds and cane from the river-borders. Between the winter solstice and the vernal equinox traders came in, fierce, shy, outliers with the summer's plunder of dried meat and medicine herbs, turquoises and chalcedony for ceremonial arrows, bundles of yucca fibre and yucca root for washing blankets and for purification, vendors of parrot and macaw feathers and sellers of strange shells from the Gulf and the Pacific Ocean. After the corn planting and before the first hoeing there was the annual expedition for salt to the head of the California Gulf, attended by protective ritual, fragments of which still linger among the tribes who have inherited the lands but fallen far short of the culture of the Hohokum.

Between tribal occasions the women coiled and smoothed and painted their cooking pots and tended the great communal ovens. In June they flocked to the mesquite thickets, where, between the scarlet tipped thryses of the *ocotilla,* the *sahauros* ripened their fruit, to make syrup for the winter's sweetening, and young lovers walking apart to find the nightblooming cereus uncurling in the dusk from its dry rat-tailed stems, lingered to hear the mocking bird, pouring its music like round dropped molten substance of the moon.

After the corn was harvested the women braided it by the husks in long festoons, hung drying under the *jacales,* on whose roofs presently the piled cotton pods burst into white drifts for miles and miles. And always between these and their house-tending, child-bearing activities, they were a-building and a-building. They mixed ashes of brush and grass with the dry earth and puddled it, piling it course by course, as much as would dry well in the shape in which it was laid, into the great pyramidal houses.

THE Great-house culture disappeared about the twelfth century, three or four hundred years before its ruins were discovered by the Spanish explorers. But what it died of, unless it were the pride of cities, there is not even a tradition. When the culture was at its best the chiefs waxed boastful; Great-house fought against Great-house, destroying one another as did the free cities of the Middle Ages. The communal-mindedness which grew out of their economic organization, put them too much at the mercy of the more individualistic, militaristic, nomadic tribes. Once their resistence was broken, they reverted instantly to an earlier tribal-mindedness, and fled in broken clans and fragments of clans to the fastness of the present Hopi and Zuñi pueblos.

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* Deceased.

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THE HUNGRY CLUB

(*Continued from page* 22)

his scrap book, in which are pasted meeting notices for most of the fourteen years of its existence, you marvel that any man could still carry on in a steel city after scheduling some of the speakers who have addressed the club.

But Cooper has been saved by two virtues—his honesty in balancing his programs and his sense of humor. In a controversial matter he sees to it that each side has its innings, if it wants to go to bat. Only two requirements are made of the speaker: he must know his subject, thoroughly, so that he can stand up under a fire of questions; and he must present it in its intellectual aspects; no ranting and roaring, no mud slinging. It is the intellectual problem which counts.

The Club has its enemies. There have been attempts to kill it and there have been attacks on its secretary by "those who are the last to lay the old aside." There have been seasons when some business organizations of the city have scheduled meetings to conflict with the Hungry Club. Their meetings were important and safe; the meetings of the Hungry Club were interesting and scrappy. There is enough variety of membership to start a fight if the speaker makes the opportunity. One speaker who did so was Margaret Sanger. The fight did not stop with the meeting. It was carried on to the president of Kingsley House. Cooper's scalp was demanded. But Cooper is still head worker of Kingsley House and secretary of the Hungry Club. A level-headed settlement house president and the tradition of the club—that it endorses nothing—cleared the air. Only last spring the University of Pittsburgh conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Science for his public service to Pittsburgh.

"How do you get your speakers?" I asked Cooper.

"In various ways. We keep in touch with the schedules of many national speakers and the club members are always on the lookout for them. The decision and the arrangements rest with me, although I consult with the steering committee. If I select a speaker who is stupid or who does not present his subject as an intellectual problem—the two requirements—I am sure to hear about it. We do not pay a fee or expenses to any speaker. We offer him a fair hearing by a unique group of people. That is usually worth more to him than any fee we could offer.

It was a distinguished foreigner, Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, who last year drew the largest meeting in the history of the Club.

The Hungry Club is the town crier of Pittsburgh. Local candidates for office and officials in office come before it to explain their platforms, because they get fair hearing here by a group it is difficult to reach otherwise, and a discussion which discloses what they stand for.

The subjects discussed are not always controversial. Cooper has adopted the tactics which have solved many industrial wrangles: namely, discuss first the points on which there is agreement. With a meeting of minds on some points, agreement on others is less difficult; or if not agreement, understanding and clearing the decks for the main issues. A conservative and a radical, sitting at the same table, nod to each other in agreement on something, they discover that, after all, their mental processes are much alike. . . . Then, when a red hot subject comes up for discussion, each realizes that, after all, he may have been wrong. "There is Bill Jones," he says. "Good old Bill is nobody's fool. If he can make out a case for the other side on this proposition, there may be something in it." Right there the Hungry Club scores a point for intellectual honesty.

If you have grown rather fond of your pet little ideas and don't like to have them kicked about, the Hungry Club is a terrible shock.

HEALTH UN-LTD.

(*Continued from page* 45)

Nor is he interested merely in the control of communicable diseases. He points out, indeed, that any control which is based merely on the segregation and care of those showing active symptoms of disease, or those known to have been exposed to infection, is incomplete. Though the disease may appear to be checked, the micro-organism remains in weakened form in the human body. It may be passed from one person to another in so mild a form that it produces no clinical symptoms, or none sufficiently definite to assure that it will be recognized. But sooner or later these micro-organisms reach a body which for one reason or another is not sufficiently strong to defend itself against them, and under such favorable circumstances they quickly regain their virulent activity. Without constant effort, therefore, to build up healthy, resistant bodies even the most careful control of infection will occasionally break down.

But Dr. Hastings does not stop with urging better health merely as a defense against communicable disease. He wants a fitter race.

> We can't control the germ-plasm, [he complains—though he is working today on plans for giving sound advice as to the value of limited families] but we can include in our activities the prenatal care of the child; the care of the mother and child at birth; the care of the new-born infant; the care of the child in the preschool age; complete physical examination of the child on entering school; medical, dental and nursing service for the child while in school; another complete physical examination before leaving school; and a well-organized division of industrial hygiene, by which we can make sure that our industries are fit and proper places for our boys and girls to work in.
>
> If we are going to develop a fitter race, we must get back to the social conditions that are responsible for so much of the sickness and have these conditions remedied. It must be apparent that social welfare is essentially a part of preventive medicine. To meet these requirements, all public health nurses should have an intelligent understanding of social service work in order that they may be able to diagnose, at least, the simple social problems and see that they are referred to the proper social agencies.

This it not a paper platform: it is a fair outline of what Toronto, as a municipality, is doing through its health department, linked as it is with both public and private case-working organizations. This health program is saving the city 2,500 lives a year. Count off the ten cases of sickness which would ordinarily accompany each of these prevented deaths, add up the saving in doctors', nurses', undertakers' bills, compute the wages which are being earned because these men and women are alive and well—and the saving to Toronto may reasonably be estimated at $2,500,000 a year. No wonder Dr. Hastings objects when the money used for public health work is referred to as an expenditure. "It is an investment, which yields larger dividends many times over than any other investment of the municipality." And no wonder that the citizens of Toronto, taken into Dr. Hastings' confidence every few days for fourteen years, keep rolling up the snowball.

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RATES: Display advertisements, 25 cents per agate line, 14 lines to the inch. Want advertisements, 8 cents per word or initial, including the address or box number, for each insertion, minimum charge, $1.50. Discounts on three or more consecutive insertions. Cash with orders.

Address Advertising Department — **THE SURVEY** — New York City 112 East 19th Street

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WANTED: A teacher in institution for delinquent women. Apply to Helen Hazard, Niantic, Conn.

WANTED by Jewish center in Philadelphia, director of recreational and educational activities. 4915 SURVEY.

WANTED: Civic Secretary for large woman's organization. Civic experience essential; Jewish preferred. Chicago Woman's Aid, 717 Kimball Building, Chicago.

RESIDENT WORKER to take charge of Play School activities with young children in New York Settlement. Thorough training and good cultural background essential. 4946 SURVEY.

WANTED, by Norfolk Section, Council of Jewish Women, Trained Family Case Worker with ability to speak Yiddish. State qualifications and experience. Communicate with Mrs. D. E. Levy, Raleigh Court, Norfolk, Virginia.

GRADUATE NURSE DIRECTRESS wanted for Health Center Dept. of Settlement House in large city near New York. Must have experience in organizing and carrying on Health Center work in Russian and Polish neighborhood. State age, experience and education. 4948 SURVEY.

WANTED

A YOUNG WOMAN who has training in social work, who is convinced that The Survey is indispensable to those interested in social progress, and who likes to sell—to join the Survey field staff on salary. Residence in Chicago or suburbs, traveling through the middle west. Address, Extension Manager, The Survey, 112 East 19th Street, New York, N. Y.

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WANTED, a young woman (Jewish) for Resident Director of Working Girls' Home and Trade School in New York City. The applicant must be a cultured woman with executive ability and tact. She must have thorough theoretical training and wide practical experience. Kindly write full details as to age, training, experience and salary expected. 4951 SURVEY.

WANTED: A dietitian in institution for delinquent women. Apply to Helen Hazard, Niantic, Connecticut.

GRADUATE NURSES, dietitians, laboratory technicians for excellent hospital positions everywhere. Write for free book now. Aznoe's Central Registry for Nurses, 30 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

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YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, intelligent, well-bred, two years teaching experience, desires an opportunity in social or educational work. 4945 SURVEY.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, desires social service position in hospital in Middle West. Three years experience in case work in large city organization. 4947 SURVEY.

EXPERIENCED, refined, middle-aged woman would care for elderly couple's or business woman's home. Protestant. 4949 SURVEY.

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FOR SALE: On Monhegan Island, ten miles off Maine, lot 75 by 150 with rocks and trailing yew. Edison knows spot well. Arctic Flora, deep sea fishing, romantic history. 4930 SURVEY.

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The Survey
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JEWISH COMMUNITY LIFE. A Study in Social Adaptation. Philip L. Seman, Jewish People's Institute, 1258 Taylor Street, Chicago, Illinois. Single copy $.50.

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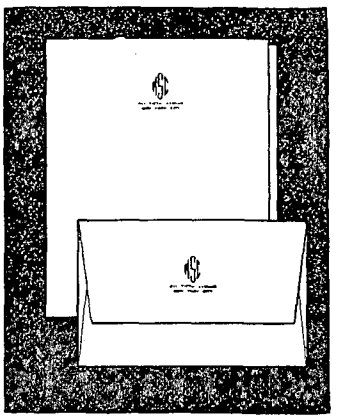

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RESEARCH: We assist in preparing special articles, papers, speeches, debates. Expert, scholarly service. AUTHOR'S RESEARCH BUREAU, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Ad.

Wanted, for October 1st, home for little girl of four. Business mother travels part time. Desires complete care for child during absence from city. Child attends play school 9 to 12. Vicinity thirteenth street, west. 4890 Survey.

The Result

"I want you to know how effective the 'ad' proved which I placed in The Survey. I received only three answers but each one was from exactly the right sort of person. At the same time I advertised in the New York Times on Sunday. I received five times as many replies as from The Survey ad but not one of these answers was even worth looking into. These people entirely disregarded the points I made.

"4890 Survey."

To Teachers of Sociology, Social Problems Civics and Current Events

MOST teachers are experts in dealing with materials organized into textbooks or laboratory manuals. But there are areas of interest and information which are incapable of being so organized. They must be taken as they come, or not at all. Such an area is that commonly called "current events." Although intensely interesting and important, most teachers find themselves very much at a loss to know just how to deal with this area.

It is easy to say to a class: "Find something interesting and tell about it in class tomorrow," or "Read The Survey for September 15 and tell what you found there that was interesting." But in both cases, your teacherly soul rebels against the smattering quality of the results. You feel you are wasting time and the students often achieve a fine degree of boredom. You want something better.

Well, here it is. We have published a handy little pamphlet which gives an analysis of social problems, a program for applying that analysis to classroom work and ways in which The Survey fits into such a program. It shows how The Survey can be used as a dependable current textbook of the world's happenings in the fields of social progress and general welfare.

A copy of the pamphlet will be sent gladly to any teacher who will take the trouble to send us a post card giving his or her name and address, name of the school and the subject taught.

The Survey
112 East 19 Street, New York City

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SEVEN P. M.

(*Continued from page* 28)

which followed, May elbowed her way through the crowd and into the street.

"It's the last night I spend with those devils," she called back to Louisa.

She marched out holding her head very high, conscious that the bystanders were tittering slightly over the mixture of soot and green dye with which she was plastered. She knew a place where she could go and fix herself up, and a fellow who would give her some swell shoes. She had been shy about taking favors from him before, especially since she preferred Bud. But any place but home was the way she now felt, and any source for shoes since her new ones had been ruined. What did anything matter after such humiliation?

"I'm through with the damned hole myself," muttered Joe, as he slouched out of the door in the wake of his sister.

Once in the street he turned in a different direction, toward the freight yards. He too knew where he could go.

Louisa, being the eldest, felt some slight responsibility toward her mother, until she at least recovered speech, and toward her father until she was sure that he would not be arrested. As for May or Joe, she knew from her own experience that they would take no advice from her, so she let them alone. When her parents had both recovered themselves enough to sit up and explain matters volubly to the neighbors, Louisa gave a slight shrug of disgust at the unclean room suddenly become abhorrent to her, and slipped quietly out of the back door.

The aluminum-kettle raffles did not turn out very well. One thing led to another until Louisa and the manager of the enterprise were obliged to flee from the state together to escape the law. They did not come back. Neither did Joe. He sends out-of-the-way post cards to his mother from time to time. He seems to be in the navy, but his mother is not sure. She has not seen him since that night.

As for May she calls on her mother now and then with very handsome shoes and stockings, and she gives her parents a substantial present every Christmas.

They cannot understand where she gets the money and they shake their heads over the vague accounts which she gives of herself. But what can they do? They are glad to get the presents for they need the money, and they are much too humbled by their children to dare to ask any inconvenient questions. The Battle of Bosworth Field was lost to King Richard, they tell us, all for the want of a horseshoe nail. The Battle of the Nyacks was lost by all parties to the conflict. None came out victorious. And why? Because all the combatants were too tired to be reasonable at seven p. m.

OLD LAW AND NEW UNDERSTANDING

(*Continued from page* 8)

the malefactors before him from other criminals does not invalidate the conclusion that his ruling, admitting the testimony in question, marks the dawn of a new era in the evolution of the legal concept of criminal responsibility. May we not see a recognition of this fact in the court's statement that "the careful analysis made of the life history of the defendants and of their present mental, emotional and ethical condition . . . is a valuable contribution to criminology?" What at least may be taken as settled is this: Heretofore the alienist, dealing with the question of responsibility solely from the legal point of view, has furnished the only point of contact of mental science with the procedure of criminal justice. Henceforth, the psychiatrist, with the new knowledge of morbid psychology at his command, will have his day in court. The former was concerned with a single problem: was the defendant at the time of committing the criminal act aware of the nature and consequences of the act, capable of distinguishing between right and wrong? The issue was simple and clear cut: innocent or guilty. The psychiatrist, concerning himself with the whole man, will see in the crime for which the culprit is being tried, only an episode in a life history, the latest of a long series of significant acts and experiences and one that cannot be properly assessed otherwise than in the light of all that has gone before.

The social worker will think at once of the juvenile court, where this is the recognized procedure, and may be tempted to look for a speedy transformation of the procedure of our ordinary criminal justice on the same model. But let us not be deceived. Judge Caverly, with all his enlightenment—the enlightenment which he brought to his task as well as that which he must have gained from the hearing (not every one can get such schooling in the mysteries of human nature as he got from Doctors White and Healey and Glueck) would be the first to smile at the suggestion. The toughness of our criminal law is at its toughest in its procedure. No sudden or radical change can be looked for in that direction. It was humanitarian feeling, the sentiment of tenderness for the child, that made it possible to convert juvenile crime into juvenile delinquency and to invest the juvenile court with a protective, in place of the usual punitive function.

So we must be content probably for a long time to come to see the question of guilt or innocence of the person accused of crime dealt with in very much the same rigorous way in which it now is, and the psychiatrist employed, as in the Leopold-Loeb case, to aid the court in the exercise of its discretion as to the punishment that should be imposed. We may expect that, under this salutary influence, the education of the judges, as well as of the bar and the public, will go on apace and that there will be an increasing recognition of the part that a defective heredity and the disintegrating experience of life have had to do with the production of criminalistic tendencies which have found their sinister expression in the present act. There will probably be no less talk of responsibility—complete and partial—but there will certainly be more undertanding and, by that token, more compassion. And we shall not regard imprisonment in a penitentiary as the proper alternative to the death penalty. Justice will not be tempered with mercy—though that is the best that Clarence Darrow could make his appeal for—but will express itself in a commitment of the Loebs and Leopolds of the future to an indefinite term of confinement in a specialized institution where, under supervision of psychiatrists, they may be studied.

In order to reap more completely the abundant harvest whose seeds were planted in the tragic case under review, one more step, of more far-reaching promise, will be taken. In the process above outlined we find nothing that is not implicit in the procedure employed by the Chicago court. The legislation that may be required to put it fully into effect—the power of commitment under an indeterminate sentence to an institution for psychopathic personalities—is strictly analogous to existing legislation providing for the commitment of the criminal insane. The further step which we may confidently anticipate has already been taken, in a tentative and halting fashion, it is true, in several of our states. It is the enactment of a law providing for the mental examination and study of all persons held for trial on a criminal charge, such examination to be made under the auspices of the state in advance of trial, possibly and preferably prior to the submission of the case to the grand jury for indictment. The best type of such a law up to the present time is the Massachusetts statute which provides a routine examination by the state department of mental diseases of all persons indicted for a capital offense or of any person known to have been indicted for any other offense more than once or to have been previously convicted of a felony. The report of such investigation, filed with the clerk of the court having jurisdiction of the case, is then to be available for the information of the court, of the district attorney and of the attorney for the accused and, in case a trial follows, shall be admissible as evidence of the condition of the accused.*

From all of which arises the startling conclusion that the world does move even in the field of our traditional criminal procedure. There is nothing in all this that does violence to that tradition. The ministers of criminal justice still walk in the old, time-worn way. But what a difference it will make if the straight and narrow path becomes illumined by the new light which will beat upon it from the effulgence of the new psychology.

* These facts are taken from Dr. S. Sheldon Glueck's excellent article on the Mental Examination of Criminals, in Mental Hygiene for January, 1924.

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